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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

for October 17, 1914

The All-Star Team

By Grantland Rice

The Diamond Jester

By Frank E. Evans



How Fear Came to Paris

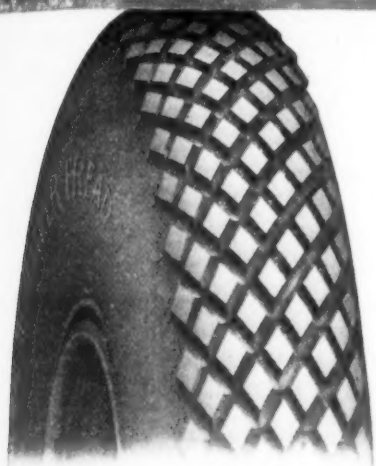
By Gelett Burgess



"GIDDAP, UNCLE!"

Painted by Edw. V. Brewer for Cream of Wheat Co.

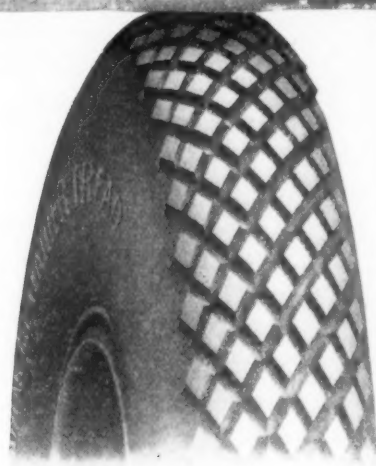
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Goodyear Tires

Bear Every Day About
**One Thousand Miles
of Motor Cars**

Hundreds of Thousands are Daily Protected
by Their Safety, Sturdiness and Strength



These are the Victors

Bear this in mind—you men who wonder which tire is really best.

Many tires for many years have fought for users' favor. And Goodyears are the victors. Today the Goodyear is the favorite tire, outselling any other.

And this verdict of users is not a snap judgment, likely to be reversed.

It comes after 15 years of use. After men have put four millions to the test. After mileage comparisons and trouble comparisons on hundreds of thousands of cars. The final verdict—shown by present sales and prestige—is that Goodyear tires excel.

How They Won the Fight

The fight has been against mighty enemies, the chief of which are these:

Road Wear	Rim-Cuts
Loose Treads	Punctures
Blow-Outs	Skidding

We have for years—in our laboratory—spent \$100,000 yearly to learn how

to combat these troubles. Step by step we have gained on them.

We have reached today—in No-Rim-Cut tires—what we regard as the limit in low cost per mile.

We have wiped out rim-cutting by a method which we control.

We have ended the blow-outs due to wrinkled fabric. We did this with our "On-Air" cure—a process we alone employ. It adds to our tire cost \$450,000 per year.

We have reduced by 60 per cent the risk of tread separation. By a patent method—used in Goodyears only—hundreds of large rubber rivets are formed to combat this common trouble.

All-Weather Treads Came

Then we invented this All-Weather tread.

We toughened it by a secret Goodyear process. We made it double-thick. Thus we created a new resistance to both wear and puncture.

We made it flat and regular, so it runs like a plain tread. There is no vibration. It is made for all wheels and all seasons.

We made the blocks deep and enduring. We made them sharp-edged, to grasp wet roads with resistless grip. We broadened the bases so strains are distributed the same as with smooth-tread tires. Thus we evolved a matchless anti-skid. It's the one you'll adopt when you know it.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER CO., Akron, Ohio

Toronto, Canada London, England Mexico City, Mexico

DEALERS EVERYWHERE

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities
Write Us on Anything You Want in Rubber

GOOD YEAR
AKRON, OHIO
No-Rim-Cut Tires
With All-Weather Treads or Smooth

These are more than quality tires. They combat in exclusive ways your major tire troubles. They have now been tried and adopted by at least 400,000 motorists. Try them on your car. Any dealer will supply you if you say, "I want the Goodyear."

October 13, 1914

Dear Sir and Madam:

YOUR representative American likes to live well, to dress well, to have what others have—the best he can afford.

He likes to afford the best, and if it seems out of reach he looks further, and he usually gets it.

We all know that conditions are changing in this country—methods of work—standards of value—the general way of looking at things.

Business is learning to cut out waste. More than that, it is learning that whatever is saved must be taken off the price, or put into the quality of the product.

More is expected of everybody.

Men think of what they are doing—what they are buying. They look at both sides of their dollar.

This means the forging ahead of some concerns, and the falling behind of others.

New and very important things are being done in the men's clothing business.

As never before the *spot-light* is on the *value-giver*.

It is astonishing what new methods can deliver to you in style, in tailoring, in rich and durable fabrics—at the same prices you have been paying.

And yet there are men and there are dealers, plenty of them, who lag along with the old standards because *they do not realize what is taking place in the clothing trade*.

Men dislike change. Habit is one of the dull-est things in the world. The average man has a habit of buying from a certain dealer, and the dealer has a habit of buying from certain manufacturers.

There is nothing so arrogant or self-satisfied as habit that has gone to sleep over an established success.

We were the first clothing concern in America to go on record with the conviction that more could be done than anybody was doing toward a *betterment of values* through efficiency methods in the clothing business.

To prove our conviction we built in Chicago the most advanced tailor-shops in the world. Acres of sun-lit floor space—all glass, white tile and electric power—the last word in scientific equipment. And here we put in force our ideas of efficiency in men and methods—with results that will stir the dry bones of the clothing trade.

We effect great saving and great betterment—which goes to *you*.

With new system and accuracy, we achieve certain niceties in fit and tailoring that you have not known before.

We believe we are the only clothing house in the world that employs a *woman chief inspector* over hand-work—Mary Clara Leiter, member of the Housewives' League of America.

Men tailors are the best, but a woman's quick eye will catch a fault instantly in the felling of a seam or the finish of a button-hole.

We want your *wife or woman-folk* to see your Kuppenheimer suit or overcoat—examine the seams, the fit and the work.

We know the results are there as never before in your clothing experience—and *she* will be the first to tell you so.

These are interesting facts, and you wonder what effect they are having on our business.

The success of our dealers everywhere makes this *the fastest-growing clothing house in America*. The discriminating clothing wearers of this country bought from these dealers over Eleven Million Dollars of Kuppenheimer garments last year at \$18 to \$40 the suit or overcoat.

Kuppenheimer Clothes are going into the finest stores of this country in increasing volume.

One of the greatest merchants in America said the other day to an acquaintance of ours, "Kuppenheimer merchandise is better than they themselves realize."

He thought we did not know the merit of our goods because we did not seek to register our appreciation in the price.

This very condition shows why we are so particular in the selection of dealers who will represent Kuppenheimer Clothes in the spirit in which they are made.

Square-toed, straightforward, new-method clothing merchants who will give their customers all the advantage that we give them.

For instance, we are very strong indeed in suits and overcoats around \$25, and we want a dealer who can face the \$40 look in a \$25 garment and put the temptation behind him.

It will pay him, and pay him big, in the long run—if he is far-sighted enough to trust the public's appreciation of values.

Kuppenheimer dealers are that kind of men.

We want you to know us better and we want to know you. Kuppenheimer Clothes are sold by a representative store in nearly every Metropolitan Center of the United States and Canada.

We will be glad to send without charge our *Book of Fashions* to any man who cares for his personal appearance, or to any woman who cares for the personal appearance of any man.

THE HOUSE OF KUPPENHEIMER

Makers of Clothes for Men and Young Men

Chicago

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Entered at the New York Post Office as Second-Class Matter

MARK SULLIVAN, EDITOR

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How Fear Came to Paris

By Gelett Burgess

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF

STILL flutter the flags of Paris—the hundreds of thousands of flags! Shops and houses, every window and balcony, has its tricolor flung out into the air. Oh, the brave little cotton flags in the narrow, dank streets! No quarter of Paris is too poor to hang out the beloved flag of France. How brightly they fluttered a month ago! But to-day—lump, faded, soiled—how they droop! How Paris has drooped—how its hopes have faded since the war began! After the inspiration of those first hours came the wave of patriotism and the uplift of courage. Then Paris settled down to silence. And at last, after weeks of agonized anxiety, came fear to Paris. Was it indeed fear, though? No, nor panic—except in the minds of weaklings and strangers; but great was the shock of revelation that Paris is the very focus and target of the war. No crowds now march the streets, shouting “To Berlin!” Long ago vanished all hopes of a speedy triumph. No—for the news has gone from bad to worse, from worse—but no, Paris does not doubt, has never doubted, never will doubt, the inevitable end—victory! August was a month of mysteries. We read the papers, read them all every day, then turned one to another and asked: “What does it mean? What are they doing? What are they waiting for?” Day after day came the amazing, the perplexing, the maddening communications of the War Office—for all Paris could make of them, they might have been written in Wonderland, or Ithaca, N. Y. Rhetoric to throw at the birds, yes; but as for information—why, one might as well go to a fortune teller. The French, it would appear from the official reports, were always advancing, always winning, always charging impetuously with that cold steel which the Teuton feared. Uh-lans were driven before them like the wind, the Germans fled like rabbits. They were starved, too, according to the papers. Why, you could go out and catch a bunch of cavalry with a slice of bread and jam! Why, then, did we not advance? Why weren't we already in Belgium, hoofed, all over the place? Why, when the *communiqués* did mention a town, did we have to place our little flags always a little farther west? So, week by week, Paris, clamoring for its daily bread of information, was given these wonderfully polished stones. The General Staff fed Paris with stultifying paradoxes until finally it outdid the literature of nonsense in this historic utterance: It made even careworn Paris laugh: “We have now retired to our intrenched line, from which we would not have advanced had it not been for the gallant bravery of the Belgian troops.”

Paris laughed, Germany laughed, the whole world laughed, yes; but the news was grim. What! Retired to our intrenched frontier line? Paris had thought, of course, that we were already overrunning Belgium, rushing to the assistance of heroic Liege, galloping over the frontier long ago, bucking the German center, and running round the ends, halfway to Berlin! Oh, no! The army, it appeared, had intended nothing more than to sit tight and let the Germans come on. What had happened? What was wrong with General Percin, in command of the “first region,” the forward lines? Tales began to leak out in Paris. From the état major to the lowest private in the ranks the stories trickled, step by step; changing, no doubt, at every repetition, but always colored with the sinister doubt of—what? Incapacity? Insubordination? Treachery? The sergeant de ville told the concierge that General Percin had a German wife. The Republican Guard had a friend doing sentry duty at the Ministry of War; he told

a reporter and the reporter confided it to a waiter, and the waiter told me. In some such way all Paris was soon whispering it—that, at a critical moment in the battle of Charleroi, General Percin had been ordered to support the English troops. The Germans were bottled up in a tight position, in a hollow, I believe—easily cut up. But Percin did not advance; the English were not supported for twenty-four hours—some say forty-eight; and the consequence was—our retreat. So far, in the main, all stories agree. It has never been mentioned in the papers, but Paris has already established an effective underground railway of news, and to-day all Paris believes the tale. What really happened? Did the General deny ever having received the orders, and was the dispatch found, when he was arrested (if he was arrested) in an inside pocket of his overcoat? No one knows. No one will know for years, perhaps. And the General himself? What has become of him? Nobody seems to know that, either. He is in the military prison at Cherche-Midi, said some. He was shot, said others. Some papers asserted, soon after the battle, that General Percin had “resigned his position and had joined the volunteers”—an obvious absurdity. All we knew for sure was that he had been relieved from command. But now, it is reputed, he is inspecting the formation of new artillery divisions (it is Percin who is responsible for the famous “75” gun which has terrified the Germans) and the Socialist papers are trying to defend his reputation. For Percin is a Socialist, and a great friend of Messimy, the late Minister of War. Both have been ardent opponents of the three years' compulsory military service. Both had been greatly hated, and Percin especially as the originator of the “fiche” system in the army; for, being a bitter anticlerical, he had invented this underhanded method of detective reports to card catalogue the activities and failings of every Roman Catholic officer. Later, it turned out that Percin had evacuated Liege when told to hold it—had evacuated it so hurriedly, in fact, that he left the keys of the fortress, so to speak, in the doors, and twelve trainloads of supplies which the civilians had to hustle away after the army had gone. The other day I met a soldier who had fought at Charleroi. He told me two stories. He said: “I saw all my friends killed in less than three minutes. We had entered a little village, thinking it unoccupied by the enemy. But they had a mitrailleuse in a cellar window—and *zut!* Out of three hundred and fifty men of my company only thirteen were left alive.” He pointed to a scar on his cheek.

The other story was shorter. “Did you know what Percin did?” he asked. “Why, he actually put the Territorials (men from thirty-five to forty-eight) on the first firing line!” Now, the first story may shock you; but it was the second which appalled all France. It meant, if true, that the General had lost his head and had sent his weakest, most ill trained, troops to sustain the brunt of the action. It was an ugly business—no doubt about it. Another scandal was the criminal lack of ammunition. The papers, of course, handled the matter gingerly; or, not handling it gingerly enough, appeared with square patches of white paper where the type was ordered cut out by the military censor. Oh, there was no doubt about it, though—there was one terrible week at the front, and a panic at the War Office that but few in Paris know, and that no one in Paris dares talk much about. Machine guns were abandoned by the roadside for lack of cartridges. In a week, however, the hastily equipped factories at the Magic City recreation grounds and else-



A fat man in shirt sleeves ran out of a cafe.... A girl in a green hat snatched the bifocals from him, tipped back her head, pointed them at the sky, and squinted

Paris laughed, Germany laughed, the whole world laughed, yes; but the news was grim. What! Retired to our intrenched frontier line? Paris had thought, of course, that we were already overrunning Belgium, rushing to the assistance of heroic Liege, galloping over the frontier long ago, bucking the German center, and running round the ends, halfway to Berlin! Oh, no! The army, it appeared, had intended nothing more than to sit tight and let the Germans come on. What had happened? What was wrong with General Percin, in command of the “first region,” the forward lines? Tales began to leak out in Paris. From the état major to the lowest private in the ranks the stories trickled, step by step; changing, no doubt, at every repetition, but always colored with the sinister doubt of—what? Incapacity? Insubordination? Treachery? The sergeant de ville told the concierge that General Percin had a German wife. The Republican Guard had a friend doing sentry duty at the Ministry of War; he told

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where more than made up for the shortage. At first I could scarcely believe the story, but an article in a morning paper concerning the manufacture of munitions of war in Paris was so mutilated by the censor that it was evident that some such disaster had happened.

Skeletons in the Closet

ON TOP of this came the defeat in Alsace. All over Paris one still sees the now pathetic picture of France rescuing Alsace. Lieutenant France, mid smoke and shell, there embraces beautiful Miss Alsace, while gallant soldiers tear down the boundary post of the frontier. This allegorical picture haunts every news stand with its ironic promise. For, alas! that rescue, so long, so ardently hoped for, has, for the moment, failed. Mulhouse has been entered—and evacuated; it has been recaptured and again deserted. So, in the Place de la Concorde, the statue of Strasbourg, this August, has been alternately bedecked with flowers and crape. Back, back, back our little pin flags crept over the map—over the Vosges, scurrying into France.

Again Paris demanded: "What the devil is wrong now?" Only one paper was bold enough to explain. It was the Fifteenth Army Corps that was rotten this time. And next day, Lord! how the fishwives and vegetable women in the great market of Paris, les Halles, were screaming from one to another: "Ah, those cowardly Marseillaise! The Marseillaise never were Frenchmen, and never will be! Shot in the back!"

Furious were the military censors that morning, for never before had the name of a regiment or division been mentioned. The indiscreet paper was sharply rebuked and the corps from Provence was white-washed—praised for their bravery the day afterward, for holding their own after having been "surprised."

Surprised, yes, that was it. Surprised so much that they turned tail and ran for ten miles, as all Paris knows to-day. Why weren't the first of these panic-stricken troops shot down in their tracks by their own officers before they had stampeded an army? Only the captains and majors know, and they will never tell.

What is the answer? Politics, French politics—the only thing France has to fear in this war. The military clique—every man helping his friend, and everyone helping himself. Royalist against Republican, Clerical against Socialist. Above all, favoritism—a strongly entrenched bureaucracy which, until almost too late, not even France's desperate need could overthrow.

Down with the Bureaucracy!

BOMBAST and braggadocio still were the official communiqués of the War Office. There came a day soon, however, when the best they could say was that there was not a German soldier on French soil. Then, presto! The uhlans were over the border, and refugees from Brittany were flying southward. German cavalry was carrying terror all over the countryside, at Lisie, at Cambrai, at Douai, and south,

still further and further south. The flying squadrons were dispersed or destroyed by the territorials, but there were always more uhlans, more and more, till before we could believe it, *mon Dieu!* it was the bulk and mass of a German army that had swept over the border. It was invasion! Then Paris awoke and rubbed its eyes.

Now Paris is used to revolutions. It has had them of all shapes and sizes and colors—Republican, Royalist, army farces, and communist in dead earnest. But never a revolution before such as the patriotic uprising which fused all France into one compact, determined mass, cast politics into the rubbish heap—how long will it stay there?—and created a new, non-partisan Ministry upon the basis of efficiency alone.

After the Shake-up

MESSIMY the pacific, the blunderer, was retired with the rest of the Cabinet. Retired? He was fairly kicked out; for, of all that Ministry, he was the only one who was not thanked for his services. Millerand became Minister of War and Joffre General in Chief. Michel the blunderer, who has been demoted from General in Chief to Military Governor of Paris and from that still lower, handed over the city to Galléni. Oh, there was a great scurrying to and fro of generals in Paris that week! You saw their splendid uniforms in taxicabs here, there, and everywhere. Pau came up from the south, Joffre came down from the north; the English came, and General French entered Paris, cheered like a victor.

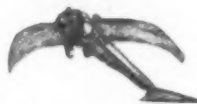
After that there was a popular acceptance of Joffre's Fabian policy, and Paris was satisfied. We knew now, he was trying to gain time. For us the stone-wall defense, while Russia drove the steam roller of the attack. A change now came into the tenor of the official communications also. No more figures of speech, no talk about the "Barbares," no more Galléni "haut-le-cœur" and flamboyant Chauvin-Jingoism. The General Staff confined itself to a statement of the geographical positions of the enemy. Now we could at last stick in our pin flags on the map with some accuracy, though the situations were doubtless a week or so behind time.

But the censorship was just as strict—it was worse than ever. Why, one's morning paper often had half a dozen blank spaces now for us to wonder at in vain. What did those white squares mean—victory or defeat? Praise or blame?

To any American, used to "scoops" and "beats" and "exclusive" articles, the French journals are absurd. They not only "lift" stories entire, but actually give credit to the original paper. All August they lived on the London "Daily Mail"—there was a rich man's table whose crumbs fed all the poor journals of Paris, for few of them had correspondents at the front. What news they could get of their own effort was waited for at eleven o'clock at night in that bleak, black-tabled room off the garage courtyard in the basement of the Ministry of War.

Apathy

BY THE middle of August Paris had grown strangely quiet. No autobuses, three-quarters of the shops closed. No groceries or provisions delivered now; you must fetch them home yourself if you haven't a maid—which you haven't, unless she is willing to stay on (poor thing!) for her board and lodging and no wages. Only four sous' worth of salt can you buy a day—a sergeant de ville is on hand to see that you do not carry off more than your allotted purchase of potatoes and meat. No news yet to speak of; the army was falling back, falling back steadily. No museums open, no theatres—except the little Punch-and-Judy shows on the Champs-Élysées and in the Gardens of the Luxembourg. No cafés after eight o'clock. Bicycles—bicycles everywhere, like the year 1898, for all the world, just grazing you at every corner.



Where are Mr. and Mrs. Brown? On Tuesday they called on us—to-day when we go there the concierge says "Gone." Friends who swore that they were going to stay it out disappeared in a single night—off to Cannes or Biarritz in hired automobiles at a hideous expense.

No, not even local news—except relief work and the Red Cross—no police items at all. Think of Paris without crime for a month! That's a fact. It took the police only three days to round up all the crooks and get well rid of them. The apaches were hustled off to the war, or, if too young, set to work loading drays for the army. Quiet? Why, the newsboys are not even allowed to cry their papers now, and no longer come running up the boulevard. What's the use of running when you can't shout out "La Patrie!" or "Aie, La Presse!"

How long, O Lord, how long! Paris settled into a sort of apathy. Paris with her lights out now, Paris with the lid on.

It was a perfect Sunday of sunshine and blue sky. Languidly, Paris was amusing herself, after a sad fashion, in park and boulevard. Up and down the river the little boats fussed, laden with women and young men and foreigners. War or no war, along the banks of the Seine the immemorial fishermen, as foolishly patient as ever, sat all day, casting their lines, waiting for the impossible fish. There were subdued crowds on the Ile St. Germain as we passed, and at La Pêche Miraculeuse a few forlorn, belated tourists were dining, wondering why that riverside café had ever been called famous.

"It is rather amusing," said Isadora Duncan to me, as she leaned on her balcony, looking out of her salon window in the great white empty Pavillon de Bellevue, now fully equipped as a military hospital—as she gazed off at Paris, stretched out in the distance. "I have to smile sometimes. Every man who comes here"—she glanced down at the terrace, where, before she lived there, the rows of tables twinkled in the evening, where champagne popped and laughter sounded—"every man says: 'Ah, I've had good times down there in my day!' Every man tells me about some girl who— Oh, look, quick! Isn't that an aeroplane? Over there, to the right more, between the dome of the Panthéon and the Eiffel Tower. See? A French avion, probably."

Prussians in the Sky

THE little river boat was packed when we returned. Women, women, women and very young men. There was one lad with a pretty girl holding hands. From time to time she kissed him, openly, without shame and without wantonness. Her arm stole about his shoulder, and I saw tears in her eyes. They came and came.

Ah, I remembered now! The class of 1914 had been mobilized. All the young men of twenty were called out—all over France. It had meant little to me as I read the announcement, but here, seeing that boy before my eyes, I felt suddenly sick at heart. I forgot Isadora Duncan—the wonderful antiques in her salon, the Greek vases, the Tanagras, the Egyptian figures. Was not all France suffering under this last shock?

As we passed the Pont d'Issy another flying machine shot up from the left bank and circled over the field of maneuvers. The young Frenchman watched it attentively. I spoke to him. "It's the third one I have seen since we left Bas Meudon."

He nodded. "They are reconnoitering," said he. So that was why the crowds were watching so curiously, so hopefully! Yes, now I remember thinking that they had seemed unusually eager. No, it was not my imagination, then. No, everyone on that boat already knew that a Prussian had flown over Paris! The news had spread like a contagion. (Continued on page 21)



Like chickens at sight of a hawk, the crowd began to scatter. . . . Fascinated, I had stayed too long. The Taube, like a great bird, curved wings and forked tail, was directly over my head



R-M. BRINKERHOFF

The All-Star Team

By Grantland Rice

YES, we know just how it is. We know that it can't be done; that it hasn't been done in polite baseball circles for a number of years.

How indeed can anyone pick an all-star team from the major leagues and leave off two of the greatest stars the game has ever offered to a public's frenzied acclaim?

"Why," exclaimed a baseball expert with whom we discussed the situation, "if you pick an all-star cast and leave off Christy Mathewson and Walter Johnson, you will be laughed at all around the country."

If we can get a laugh from the surrounding landscape in these morose and moody days of war and gore and ghosts and grief, it will be worth leaving off Ty Cobb or Eddie Collins.

But we are not looking for laughs—or for applause. We are merely trying to pick an all-star baseball club for 1914, based upon the best work done through the past year and upon the most brilliant achievements accomplished, regardless of past fame or previous condition of servitude.

In this connection we are inclined to string along with a brace of estimable bards. The first one sang—"It isn't what you used to be—it's what you are to-day." The second wrote—"Old gods have fallen and the new must rise out of the dust of doubt and broken creeds."

It was once a sacrifice to leave Nap Lajoie and Hans Wagner off any all-star team. But to-day they are among the "old gods who have fallen."

Solely on This Year's Work

IT IS in this frame of mind that we come to our all-star selection from balldom's cast. If, for example, we were asked to name the two greatest pitchers now in the game, we should say Christy Mathewson and Walter Johnson. Mathewson we believe to be the greatest pitcher of all time. But if



Bill James
of the Boston Braves



Ty Cobb
of Detroit Tigers

we were asked to name the four pitchers who did the best all-around work through the past year we would name neither. Both were good—but both were below normal standards and both were outpitched by at least four or five others—and possibly a good many more. This is in no sense a statement of a belief that Matty and Johnson are to be classed with "old gods who have fallen." Neither has drifted far away from the spotlight. Mathewson is still the Old Master—the wisest, brainiest pitcher that ever lived. Johnson is still a speed marvel—a great pitcher with a great heart and a wonderful arm. But 1914 is not 1913 or 1912.

In compiling this club we have made a mental erasure of all seasons that lie behind last April. We still believe that Jimmy Archer is the greatest catcher in baseball—but not through 1914, on account of injuries and other disabilities. So we have tried to get away from the rubber-stamp All-Americans—from the annual process of picking out about the same people through what they have done for ten years, rather than for what they have accomplished through the season under immediate discussion. It is our belief that when a newcomer arrives he should be given his place—for that year at least.

In this tournament we are making them all play through—there is no challenge round where the champion waits and rests to defend his laurel.

CATCHERS	
Schang	Philadelphia (American)
Bresnahan	Chicago (National)
PITCHERS	
James	Boston (National)
Alexander	Philadelphia (National)
Tesreau	New York (National)
Bender	Philadelphia (American)
FIRST BASE	
McInnis	Philadelphia (American)
SECOND BASE	
Collins	Philadelphia (American)
SHORTSTOP	
Maranville	Boston (National)
THIRD BASE	
Baker	Philadelphia (American)
LEFT FIELD	
Burns	New York (National)
CENTER FIELD	
Speaker	Boston (American)
RIGHT FIELD	
Cobb	Detroit (American)
UTILITY	
J. Miller	St. Louis (National)

In selecting our catchers, we laid out the following array to pick from—Schang of the Athletics, Archer and Bresnahan of the Cubs, Wingo and Snyder of the Cardinals, Schalk of the White Sox.

Of all these the most brilliant catcher is Jimmy Archer of the Cubs. But Archer was injured and out of the game a big part of the season and of less value to his club than Roger Bresnahan, who had a fine year in all departments.

Close behind, or right alongside Archer and Bresnahan, come Wingo and Snyder of the Cardinals. These two were exceptional people back of the bat. Wingo was a fine hitter and a good catcher. Snyder was a fair hitter and one of the best catchers in the game. Schalk of the White Sox had a good year. But for all-around work, Wally Schang of the Athletics leads the field. Schang caught fine ball in over 100 games. He profited by his past experience and was a better man in 1914 than the year before. He batted above .275 and added timeliness to his rugged blows. He had the wallop and the arm—and good, steady judgment behind the plate. He was on the job from start to finish—and on the job with excellence in every department. We'll take Schang and let the knocks fall where they may.

The Pitchers

HERE, as Mr. Hamlet said before our day, is the rub. We realized early that the good old days were gone when one might shut his eyes and name Mathewson, Johnson, and Walsh without a further thought—and with no chance for a mistake. An opinion that stood for one hour looked foolish the next. So we interviewed a number of managers and umpires to have the tangle unraveled. But here also we found conflicting opinions.

So we gathered up the opinions expressed by all, added our own and then dived headlong into the records for the year's work. To begin with, the list, even after we had cut it repeatedly, was a formidable one.

From the National League we had Alexander, Tesreau, Mathewson, James, Rudolph, Tyler, Doak, Sallee, Vaughn. From the American League we drew Bender, Plank, Leonard, Caldwell, Johnson, and Mitchell among others. Then arose the problem—how can anyone pick an all-star cast and leave off Christy Mathewson, the Miracle Man, and Walter Johnson, the Siege Gun? To which query another voice whispered: how can you pick Matty and Johnson when others pitched better ball throughout the year? We first took up the case of Mathewson. Up until August Matty had won eighteen games and lost four. Then the Giants broke and slipped—but Matty slipped with them. He had many games kicked away. But in others he was hit hard. Of his last ten games, when the Giants were fighting with their backs to the wall, he won but two and lost eight. And in many of these he was as-



G. C. Alexander
of the Phila. Nationals

Ray Caldwell might have been considered, for he proved himself to be one of the greatest pitchers of the year. But Caldwell broke training rules constantly, refused to be disciplined, and finally ended the year in disgrace. He should have been upon a par with the greatest slabmen of all time. But it takes something more than a great arm to make a great pitcher.

There was the case, too, of Bill Doak, the young Cardinal star, who led the league almost the entire year. Doak is a fine pitcher and one to be ranked right at the top. It is hard, too, to cast away such pitchers as Dick Rudolph of Boston and Ed Plank and Leonard.

But there isn't much room left at the uttermost crest. The first man we picked was Grover Cleveland Alexander. Working for a bad ball club—for one that played poorly most of the year and stuck in the second division—Alexander won more games than any other pitcher in his league. He pitched consistently all the way, without any streaks of poor work at any stage. He kept his club from being a joke—for on the days he worked, the Phillies were as hard to beat as the Mackmen.

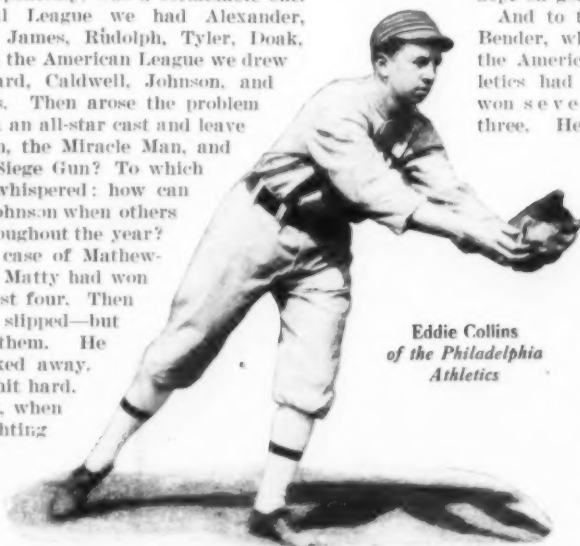
Next to Alexander we picked Bill James of the Boston Braves—a powerful youngster who last season was just starting. James, Rudolph, and Tyler held the Braves up in the fight, but the greatest of these was James. He worked in nearly fifty games; and when Boston was fighting hardest to overtake the Giants and later to protect her lead, it was James upon whom Stallings depended more than any other man.

Next to James we selected Jeff Tesreau, the mastodon of the Giants, who held his course to the end without faltering—even when the rest of his mates were in wild rout, beaten, and broken, and out of the fight. Through all this dismal retreat, Tesreau never wavered. Where even mighty Matty was unable to move forward with his mates reeling around him, Tesreau kept on going.

And to these three we added Chief Bender, who did the best pitching in the American League. Until the Athletics had the flag won, Bender had won seventeen games and lost but three. He had a stretch of thirteen consecutive victories. And when he was beaten in his fourteenth attempt it was by a score of 2 to 1, where he held the enemy to three hits. Bender not only won, but he won through his own fine pitching in most instances rather than through the heavy batting of his mates. The records show that he allowed less than two earned runs to the game.

The Infield

SELECTING an all-star infield is about as difficult as robbing the (Continued on page 24)



Eddie Collins
of the Philadelphia Athletics

The Diamond Jester

By Frank E. Evans

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

THE closing days of the desperate, three-cornered fight for the American League pennant sobered even the ebullient spirits of Pick O'Hara and Germany Schaefer—side-line vaudevillians extraordinary and unrivaled jesters of the diamond. With but two more games to play, fickle Fortune yet hesitated to bestow the laurel of the victor. The triumphs and disasters of the season had culminated in a death grapple for Philadelphia, Washington, and Detroit. The Mackmen were to settle all in a single game, but the Nationals and Tigers were cast for a decisive double-header. Even Pick O'Hara, never nimble at figures, knew by heart the cold, adamant percentage standings that told their own story of the most complex finish that the league had ever known. In the double-tiered grand stand whose shadows marched inch by inch toward him as the time for play neared, baseball extras in pink and a delicate green flaunted the tale:

	W.	L.	P.C.
Athletics	94	55	.631
Washington	95	56	.629
Detroit	95	56	.629

Only such an unparalleled situation, to which the country thrilled, could have chastened baseball's most famous clowns since the days of Arlie Latham. As each box score in the final fortnight marked no change in the percentages, their repertoire and repartee had dwindled to futile byplay. Day by day Pick O'Hara's shadow boxing and the self-administered knockout lost its savor in the confines of the first-base line coaching box. Across the diamond Germany Schaefer walked his imaginary tight rope less grotesquely. But for the season's dramatic windup the comedians of the national game rallied their flagging spirits for one final expression of rollicking capers.

When the regular infield raced off at the close of fielding practice, Pick took post at the initial bag and Germany capered like a sportive calf about short field. Then the crowd found vent for bottled-up nerves, cheering, hysterically laughing at Pick's seemingly impossible stops of the throws that looped from behind Germany's back. At times he lunged recklessly, flat on his chest for the wide-thrown ball. Then he would gather both feet under him and shoot high in air, snaring the throw, or, stepping coquettishly forward until he achieved the "split" of the minstrel stage, trap a low ball with inimitable insouciance. Back in the dugout the regulars forgot percentages as they leaned forward. Quick, nervous smiles raced over the tan of drawn cheeks and Clarke Griffith turned away from the box trimmed with the flag of the President, and blessed his persistence in carrying the veterans through another season.

THERE was a touch of the sardonic in Griffith's smile. For three years he had "carried" the comedians while rival managers and puzzled baseball writers wondered why the Old Fox had included them in his squad to the exclusion of a brace of promising youngsters.

Those unimaginative ones knew O'Hara only as the pitching mainstay of the White Sox when the Hitless Wonders wrested the World Series from the mighty Cub machine in 1906; remembered Schaefer only as a brilliant infielder on the Detroit team that all but humbled Fred Clarke's Pirates in 1909. The Old Fox could have told them that Pick O'Hara had no peer in developing recruit pitchers and that under his tutelage Annapolis, after seven years of defeat, had turned on West Point that spring and crushed the soldiers in a dingdong, slashing battle. He could have reminded them that Ty Cobb, the only, had learned the A B C of the big league alphabet from Schaefer. He knew them as crafty coaches whose strategy turned the tide in many games, as cunning baiters of harried pitchers, as a team in themselves with quip and jest when his high-geared machine struck hard going on the road trips. There were times too when the baseball Jinx jujutsued his athletes and put their shoulders on the mat of the hospital list. Then, with the new-found virility of an old fire horse at the clang of a gong, with the dash of a cavalry mount at the unforgotten bugle note, O'Hara and Schaefer jumped into the gaps and did yeoman work with mitt and hickory until the Jinx had released its victims.

THIS day his sardonic smile rested on his Senators, face to face with the critical point of the national fever. Across in the visitors' dugout he knew that Hughey Jennings's Tigers were licking hot



"Now I guess we understand each other. . . .
This, Pick, is a blank check on my bank in Yonkers"

lips with dry tongues. Three hours to the northward as the Congressional Limited flies, he knew that the leaders of the league, most ancient of all his foes, were ready for battle with the crippled team from Cleveland. Their victory was as much of a certainty as anything can be in baseball. The loss of one game to either dugout spelled failure for the season.

The jaundiced prediction of the Weather Bureau, the bank of dun clouds in the northwest, had failed to turn back one of the 20,000 fans who converged by every route to the ball park at Seventh and Florida Avenue. They had also failed to stem the rush from committee rooms and office suites at the Capitol or to prevent curtailment of the Cabinet meeting that morning.

If Mexican affairs took a quick turn for the worse, or big business suffered a body blow, peons and potentates would have to wait on the double-header. Pick O'Hara, as the umpires filed past the dugout to run their daily gantlet of jibes and reproaches, felt the fever mount high as ever it did in the days of his White Sox triumphs. With cap perched debonairly over his left ear he tossed his mitt into the dugout and surveyed the packed stands while he swaggered after the mitt. There was loyal pride and humorous appraisal of the game's sway in his smile. What cared he for broken quorums, for turmoil in Mexico or the woes of business men? Life was a comedy, the diamond its stage, and he knew nothing of a fateful telegram that Germany Schaefer was even then drumming up courage to show him.

IN THE dugout he rallied the regulars as they trotted out to their defenses. "A little life now, men, or Germany and me will swipe your jobs. Put the snuffers on Ty Cobb and knock the Frenchman off the slab."

Then he leaned his 200 pounds of bone and muscle against the water cooler and swung one arm about Germany Schaefer's shoulders. A man dressed in blue cap and blue serge loped over to home plate and poised a megaphone at the press seats in the upper tier. There was a grim significance in the empty sleeve that hung at his side, a token of the fight to follow his announcement.

"Batt'rees for Detroit—Dubuc and Stanage," the words came short clipped and resonant. Pick could hear the uneasy stir in the stands. "For Washington—Johnson and Almsmith." A mighty roar greeted the names of the famous battery.

Pick turned his face toward Schaefer. The most generous of critics would have failed to warm to the

suggestion of any beauty in that face, but he would also have failed to question the fine loyalty stamped on it, burning like a steady flame in the gray eyes.

"The Big Smoke warmed up too slow to suit me, Germany," he whispered. "That eleven-inning game with the White Sox took too much out of him."

"Got a telegram from John McGraw," was the irrelevant answer. The irrelevancy failed to show in Pick's eager query.

"Do we go on the world's tour next month?"

SCHAEFER pulled a yellow envelope from his shirt. Laboriously Pick spelled out the type-written message. The eager smile was gone from his face when he finished.

"Germany, old scout, I'm glad you're going. I guess McGraw and Comiskey thought they had beauty enough when they signed you. They must have read of the bush leaguer who broke into the Cincinnati Reds last month. The guys who write the baseball stuff say he's homelier than me."

Schaefer's right hand gripped hard on the hand that gave back the telegram. "Don't you worry, Pick, about that bush leaguer. The guy who started that cruel rumor never saw you up real close. It spoils half the fun to have to leave you behind. It was certainly pulling for you." He was quiet for a moment and then lowered his voice so that Gedeon and Henry, who were watching with interest, could not hear the words.

"I guess it's back to the lumberyard again this winter, Pick?"

"It is. Stowing lumber at twenty cents an hour while you are rubbering at the Pyramids and learning French. I was a goat to have banked on it so fierce."

The crack of a bat brought them back to realities. Moriarty, second man up for Detroit, had singled to right. Ty Cobb, tossing back of him three extra bats, stepped jauntily to the plate. A silence, deep as that of the Pyramids that Pick was destined not to see, dropped its cloak over the outraged thousands. In common with Pick they could see nothing but menace in the superb poise, disaster in the splendid batting form of the great batsman. There were all the elements of an impending drama when Cobb settled into position with keen eyes unflinching on the peerless boxman who faced him. It was baseball's apogee of skill pitted against skill; the nearest human approximation of irresistible force about to meet the immovable wall. A dozen paces from the plate loomed Sam Crawford, mightiest of clean-up hitters.

"Walter's not going right to-day, Germany. Watch Ty give the leather a ride," volunteered Pick.

FROM the first white ball that shot over the plate he had sighted distress in Johnson's usually flawless delivery. A second later Milan was sprinting to deep center for a line drive. When Crawford stepped up to the plate, tapped his cleats and balanced his big, black bat, two runs had crossed. Detroit was off to an early lead. Shanks pulled down Wahoo Sam's terrific drive along left-field foul line, but the loose cog in the great pitching machine refused to function smoothly until a total of five runs had been scored. It was an almost hopeless uphill battle, for Jean Dubuc's masterful twirling held second bag inviolate for seven disheartening innings. In vain 20,000 crazed fans "stretched" in that symbolic frame to drive the Jinx to cover. The President of the United States and a quorum of Congress failed to disturb the imperturbable Jean Dubuc or to harry the irrepressible Jennings when they joined forces in baseball's oldest incantation.

A dull roar from the stands as the last National was retired for the inning turned O'Hara's eyes to the electrical score board in center field. The Athletics had won their game by a batting rally.

"Good night," groaned Pick, "to our slice of the World Series. The Tigers will get it by two points if they win both. They've got this game on ice."

"Good night to that pool we placed with the Athletics that we'd beat them out," chimed in Joe Gedeon.

"I salted my check from Annapolis in that pool," lamented O'Hara. "It isn't losing that gets my goat as much as losing it to them fellows."

FOR years there had been bad blood between Griffith's men and the Mackmen. Sundry spiking incidents, innocent enough in themselves, had kept the feud alive. Early in the season a heated interchange of newspaper amenities between the respective

managers had fanned the flame to pristine vigor. An unrefuted charge that one of the Mackmen had welched on a bet with Clarke Griffith over a past season's standing had always furnished ammunition for the bleachers when the two teams met.

"I'm having a fine time, Germany," O'Hara volunteered. "The World Series money is flagging us good-by around the next curve, John McGraw has handed me the ice pick by telegram, and the easy money I picked up coaching the water babies down in Annapolis has gone to buy gasoline for Stuffie McInnis and Chief Bender. Fine!"

"And Lena and the little barber shop on the Avenue?" Schaefer asked with solicitude. He had introduced the flaxen-haired Lena to Pick three years before, when Pick had confessed in a moment of weakness a desire to enter into the matrimonial and tonsorial fields. Ever since her muttered "Please to metcha, Mr. O'Hara," her fellow Teuton had felt the responsibility of a father for Pick's dilatory love affair.

"They'll have to wait, Germany, and me getting closer to the minors every day. They've waited a long time, so long that I had it doped out this was to be my year. Guess I'm wrong again."

THEN came one of baseball's swift changes. Danny Moeleer slashed a single through the box and the dugout's crew leaned forward as one man with their cleats rasping hard on the concrete floor. Griffith flung his arms widespread and before his order was finished Pick and Germany were racing to the coaching lines to supplant Williams and Henry. Foster pulled a hit into short right and Moeleer hooked his toe into third before the streaking ball. From over his shoulder Pick could see sweaters waving, arms swinging in the dugout and he turned to his task of harrying Dubuc. Clyde Milan lifted a booming fly to Cobb, and Moeleer and the throw in raced for the plate. The umpire's arm jerked backward in baseball's version of "thumbs down" and the beaten runner lay inert. Henry and Williams carried him in dead silence to the dugout, for one leg hung limp. Gandil followed with a screaming drive to center and rounded the bag in a laudable attempt to beat Cobb's throw to second. Just as the big first baseman dropped into his slide, Bush took the high throw with one hand and the result was lost to the stands in a cloud of dust.

Again the backward jerk. Gandil limped to one side and fell. There was a triangular rent just above the white edge of the ankle band where Bush's spikes had cut to the bone. Had the accident happened with Barry or Collins of the Athletics at the receiving end of the throw, the party in the Presidential box might well have witnessed a personal encounter that would have rivaled a meeting between Villa and Huerta. Instead a groan ran around the field that paid tribute to the loss of the team's heaviest hitter and the end of a delirium-breeding rally.

IN THE gloom-hung dugout Wally Smith, understudy to Gandil, cursed with the fluency of deep sincerity the charley horse that the Jinx had fastened on him. Clarke Griffith, whose drooping shoulders now mirrored the inevitable, looked grimly to either side at the substitutes who unconvincedly simulated indifference to his choice.

"Germany, right field for you. Pick, take the bag," he snapped.

There was an undertone of thunder from the clouds above to the roaring welcome that followed the veterans into the fray. Bush led off for the supremely confident Tigers with a bunt that Pick gathered in with consummate ease from Foster's wild snap throw. Something splashed on his mitt as he tossed the ball back to Johnson. Then came the rain in a deluge of dripping lances from the heart of the huddled clouds. Washington was no longer a contender for national honors.

On the morrow Detroit would stake all her hopes on the lottery of the postponed finish of the double-header. Victory for Hughey Jennings's gallant crew would land the pennant by the slim margin of two points.

Defeat for the sorrel-topped leader would leave the Athletics again a pennant winner by as slender a gap as had ever been reckoned in big-leaguedom.

PICK O'HARA needed no introduction to the man who greeted him with noisy familiarity at his hotel after dinner. Across the generous paunch a watch chain of massive links was draped with all the solemnity of a funeral wreath winding about a Doric column. Eyes black and hard as obsidian flint glittered against the background of flabby face, and the jowls of the face were shaven almost to the blood. Pick had seen his like flashing rolls of green and yellow-backed bills at Reno ringsides, or hobnobbing with stable boys from Gravesend to Juarez. Across the lobby the lawyer-secretary of the Washington team, Ben Milnor, made a similar but more disapproving mental reservation. Milnor tucked away the mental photograph of the sporting man into a handy brain cell, to lie in neighborly juxtaposition to other cells in which were filed away Supreme Court anecdotes for the entertainment of out-of-town lawyers, and other more weighty legal lore.

"My name's Tom Reedy. You've heard the boys tell about Tom Reedy who runs the Turf and Driving Inn just beyond Yonkers? Sure, I knew you had," the sporting man breezed along in easy conversational canter. "Never had the pleasure of meeting up with you before, Mr. O'Hara, but it goes without saying that I know all about you. Sorry you boys lost your chance to pick up the kale of the World Series this afternoon. Just read in the "Star" that you're not going on the world tour with John McGraw and his boys. Accept my regrets, Mr. O'Hara." The man from Yonkers also offered a boldly emblazoned cigar.

UNLIKE most big leaguers off the diamond, Pick O'Hara's unconquerable geniality prompted him to accept without qualification the overtures of friendship. He slipped the gaudy cigar band into a waistcoat pocket for Lena's collection, and puffed away with uncritical abandon.

"Yes, Mr. Reedy, this is one of my off days all right," he concurred. "We'll take a fall out of the Tigers to-morrow. Joe Boehling works in the box and Hughey's lads never did muss up his slants very much."

Mr. Reedy laughed, harshly skeptical.

"Ye-es, that's all very nice, Pick. Hope you don't mind, but everybody's just plain Dick or Harry to Tom Reedy. Why, Pick, what's the odds if you do



Saw him emit . . . shrill whistles that a school-boy might well have envied

lose to-morrow. You can't finish in the money and—say, take Detroit. Why, it's everything to them fellows. If they win, they'll land the pennant and go up against the Giants for the big coin of the World Series. Those boys has everything at stake," he protested. His scandalized tone of remonstrance made Milnor turn for a searching look at O'Hara's vis-à-vis. He changed abruptly to playful reproach. "Now, Pick, honest, you're just kidding yourself. Why, say, Pick, it would be a real kindness if you Nationals just laid down on the job to-morrow."

"Throw the game, eh?" Pick snorted in faint derision.

"Sure, pass the buck," was the bantering retort. Mr. Reedy's paunch jellied to seeming mirth, but there was no change in the cold eyes. He took a long breath, wrapped a pudgy finger among the links, and lowered his voice to the pitch of a confidence. "Honest, now,

Pick, as one gentleman to another, it don't get you a thing, not an iron man, to go in there and lick Detroit."

"We'll lick 'em all right," was the grim verdict.

"Ye-es, I guess you can if Boehling goes the route, or," he breathed stertorously like a runner throwing himself at the last hurdle in a punishing furlong, "or if some one in the infield doesn't crack in the pinches. Ye-es, that's all very well, and then comes the winter."

The significance of his words was breaking on O'Hara. Mr. Reedy knew it and held his stony eyes on him in so long a brazen stare that one by one the lingering veils of doubt fell from the big leaguer's comprehension.

"You mean, for one thing, that after the season I've got nothing to look ahead to better than another winter in the lumberyard?" he shot back.

"Exactly."

There was the heaviness of an elephant's tread in the word, and Mr. Reedy delivered it with all the gravity of a dummy director at his first annual meeting. The paragraph in the "Star" had coupled the news of O'Hara's rejection by John McGraw with a flippant reference to the player's winter employment. To Pick came the mixed aroma of pine and hemlock and the stale savor of wet sawdust, the lanes of towering stacks down which the icy winds whistled, the meager pay, and long hours. In his eyes dull resentment of the unenticing prospect slowly burgeoned into an angry flame until the tan of his face flushed into truculent mahogany. It died away only to well up more swiftly at the picture of a drafted utility man, the clown of the big leagues, "cracking in the pinches" so that Detroit might win the pennant for Mr. Tom Reedy of Yonkers. Mr. Reedy read aright the signs and hastily held up his hand in deprecation.

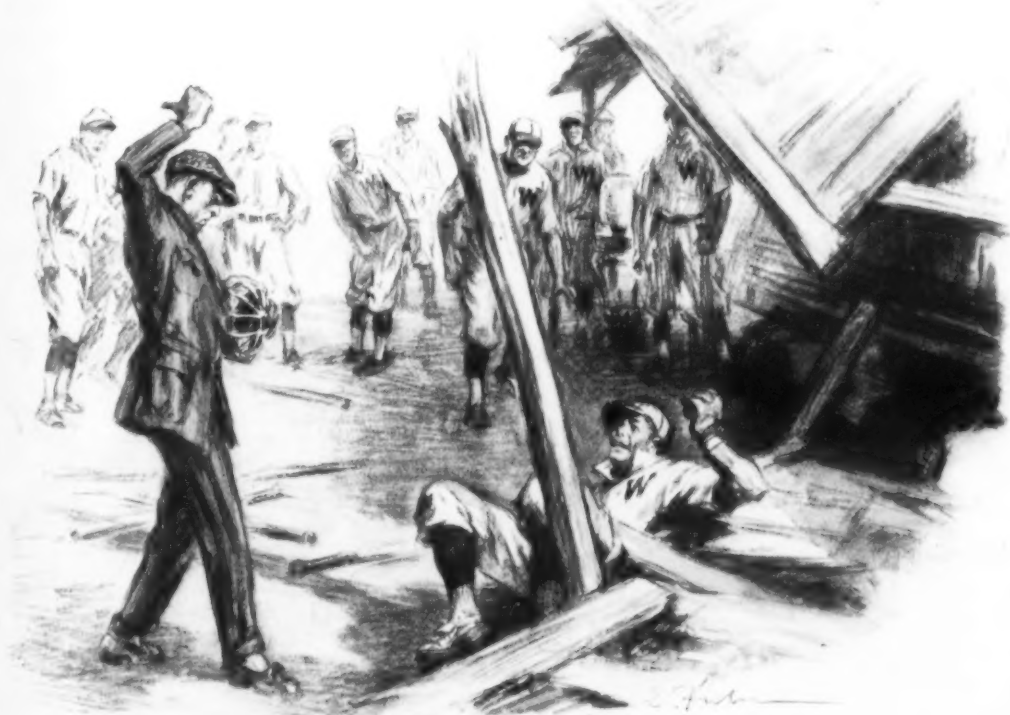
"Now, Pick, don't go off half-cocked. I was only trying to show you as a friend where your real interests lie. If I made a mistake, I apologize. But," he added reproachfully, "knowing baseball as I do and how things stand between Washington and the Athletics, it's a mystery to me why you want Connie Mack to get away with the pennant again instead of Detroit."

THE flush died away slowly and O'Hara cocked a keen Irish eye across the lobby. Bill Milnor had gone, although a few minutes before Pick had seen him in intent study of a time-table. He had wondered what earthly contingency could woo the National's secretary out of town on the eve of the final game of the season. He had a fleeting suspicion that Milnor's knitted brows had nothing to do with the time-table.

"I'm not much on figures, Tom," he began gruffly, "but if we had copped the pennant, I stood to win from \$2,400 to \$4,000. That's saying nothing of the \$200 I bet on the Athletics finishing behind us or the coin from the trip with the Giants and the White Sox this winter. And me headed for the minors after a winter piling lumber. You know a bunch of trouble like that makes a man touchy." There was a sly look in the Irish eyes that Lena would not have known.

Mr. Reedy couched his assurances that no harm was done in a voice that trembled with emotion and drew a long breath before he spoke.

"A tidy little sum either way, Pick, enough to set a man up in some small (Continued on page 30)



He stepped back a pace and shot up his right arm with a jerk. The upturned thumb arched back and spelt defeat for Detroit

The Rustlers' Pay

"SOUP?"

Madgy, the hash slinger at the "Montana Joint," had a way of sucking the word that made it sound like the last water going out of a bathtub.

The solitary man at the oilcloth-covered table nodded; Madgy's quick investigating glance seemed to screw clear through him. She coughed her flighty, flirty cough.

The stranger still gazed absently at the glass rooster toothpick holder.

Madgy seemed impressed by the stranger's indifference, for seldom did that particular cough fail to produce an effect. She tossed her curl-paper curls haughtily and disappeared behind the black-and-white calico curtain that separated the dining hall from the kitchen.

I, "the schoolmarm," was sitting by the bleary little window and pretending to read "The Refractory Child." The stranger faced me, and I peeped at him cautiously over the top of my book, for truly anyone who persuaded Madgy to serve dinner at eleven-thirty must be a "plumb extry."

The stranger was a mere good-looking cow-puncher: unornamented flannel shirt, wolf chaps, clear, wind-burnt skin. Yet around the eyes, where in most cow-punchers you see small pouches of dissipation, this man showed little curling wrinkles of pleasantness that belied the grim sternness of his mouth. I wondered who he could be, for I had taught in "Blizzard Roost," seventy miles from a railroad, for three years, and thought I knew every cow-puncher in our valley.

FROM the kitchen came a conversation, strained through the black calico curtain.

"By gosh! why don't you get a move on the soup?"

"Who be he? I say." (Only for cattle buyers, sheriffs, and such did the cook hurry the soup.)

"He's somebody extry; maybe he's the President or Rockefeller."

"The devil he be! I bet he's only some rousy guy what's been makin' sloppy eyes at you. Here, take it."

Madgy came in with the soup and set it carefully before the stranger. Taking a seat on the big dry-goods box that served as the "Joint" sideboard, she watched the man eat.

"From what cow path did you hail?" she soon ventured sociably.

"Idyho."

"Was you the feller what was riding that sorrel mare?"

He nodded.

Madgy addressed me, smiling wickedly: "You had ought to seen that horse; the Lord was sure thinking about a center table when he arranged its legs."

By Marion Sherrard

ILLUSTRATED BY W. HERBERT DUNTON

The stranger smiled a troubled smile.

"She's all I got left, but I sure had eight beauties."

"Die?" asked Madgy with a streak of sympathy through her voice.

THE stranger lost interest in his soup. For a minute his eyes seemed to struggle with caution—the caution of the Western man that tells him to keep his mouth shut. He gazed keenly at Madgy and discovered only friendliness in the curves of her round, red mouth.

"You're the first I've told—" There was relief in every syllable. "You see, come six years now, I've herded sheep and put my wages in young horses because I believed there was money in them. And all that time I'm plumb fierce for a particular little ranch. Finally I stakes up a bunch of eight fine mares and I figures they had ought to sell for seventeen hundred and fifty dollars, and that's just the price of the place. A man I meets one day tells me how in this valley horses brings a fair price. I also knows that there's another fellow wants the place, and I gets the owner to give me a three weeks' option on it and drives my horses over the Divide. There's already about a foot of snow on the Divide, and that night one of them spring blizzards begins to act up. It sure was some storm. The ice and snow ripped plumb into our hides. We smothered along in it for several hours, then we gits as far as that old prospector's cabin on this side and I puts the horses in the corral and sleeps in the cabin. Next morning the bars is down and not a scratch of their hoofs is left."

"Rustlers," gasped Madgy, disgusted. "Now ain't that rotten?"

"Who'd figure on thieves these civilized times?"

"Civilization ain't bothering this valley none," Madgy asserted with pride. "I know some of Montana is all churches and colleges and sody fountains. Of course, we ain't as tough as we used to be, but we sure ain't no gilt-edged angels yet. We're cached away here in the mountains seventy miles by stage from any law. Booze and cow-punchers still rules this valley. Civilization don't come buttin' in on us. No, sir—we ain't worth it."

MADGY jumped down from the table and brought in the rest of the dinner—boiled potatoes, boiled beef, beans, and pale pie.

"Say"—she brushed a crumb from the oilcloth—"describe me them horses."

The stranger gulped down a mouthful of meat and then went on.

"One roan—two white feet and a heavy bone on

her; one bay—a white star on forehead, light mane and tail—"

Madgy was enthusiastic. "And a plinto!" she exclaimed, "and her tail touched the ground?"

"Yes!" gasped the astonished stranger.

"And they were all branded O. K., connected?"

"You're right; you seen them? Oh, say, did you?"

Madgy gazed noncommittally into the far corner of the room. "Seems to me I seen that bunch somewhere"—then her quick eyes grew sly—"but I can't just recollect where."

"Well, I wouldn't give a darn if it wasn't for that ranch, but my option's up in less than three weeks; the other fellow has the cash to pay. It's got apple trees in the front yard, and when I first seen them the bloom was in full bust. I'd been out in the sagebrush hills herding stinking sheep for a year and the smell of them blossoms—why, they smelled plumb lovely."

"And this stark, wicked valley is too high to even raise potatoes," Madgy handed him the glass rooster toothpick holder. "Gee, I'd work half my life to git a place with a little porch where the daisies and the apple blossoms peeked in."

THE stranger smiled on her, and, after putting his dollar on the table, sat picking his teeth one by one as if loath to go.

"Where are you going to stack up now?" asked Madgy.

"I've got a chance to ride for the Cow Creels. It's the best I can do, but you bet I'll keep my eye peeled for them horses."

"Well, you'll never get a wink at them horses—they're wise in this valley. But, say, crowd in on us some time."

When he was gone, Madgy sat on the big box and bumped her heels against its sides. She gazed around the joint—at the newspapers pasted all over the logs in lieu of wallpaper, at the dirty fly-specked red, white, and blue hunting that was draped over the window and along the ceiling. Then her gaze paused at the dollar on the table.

"It was his last, I bet. Now ain't that rotten?"

The flunky blew the dinner horn. The grubbers lounged in—the barber, the saloon keeper, an old musty prospector.

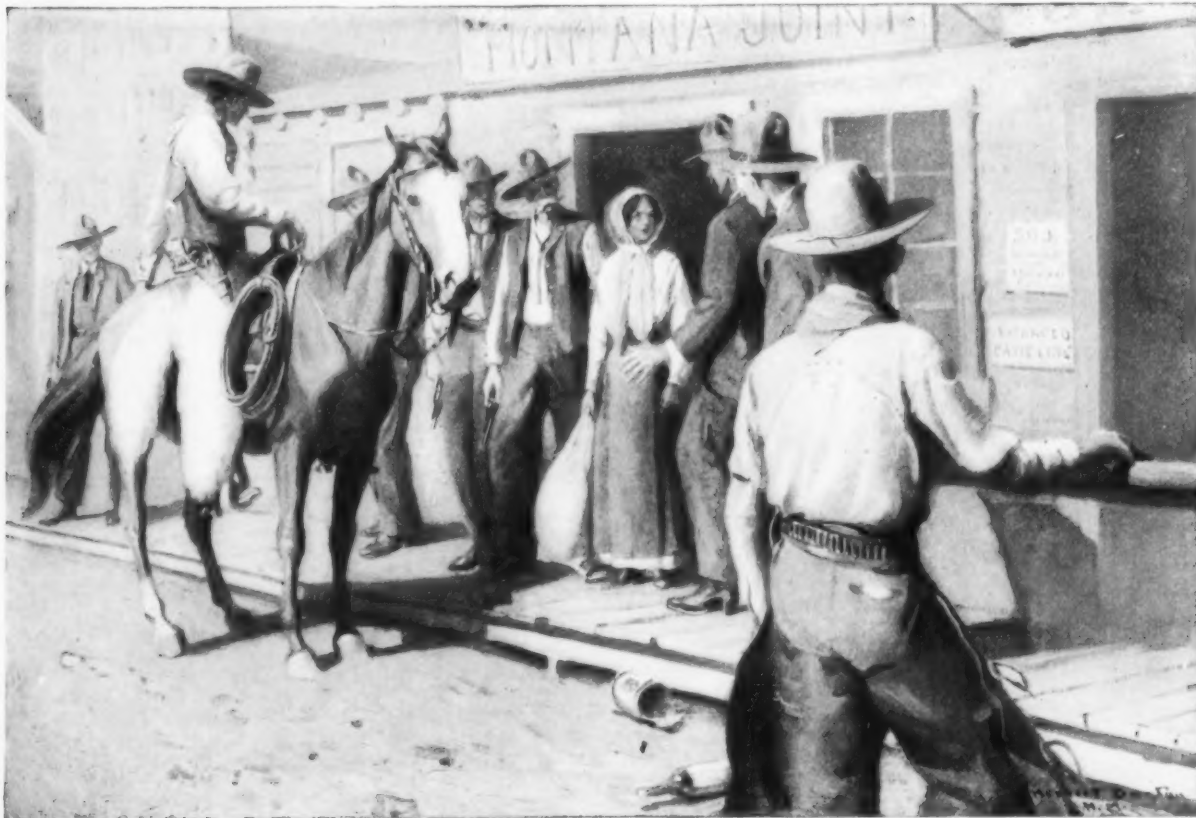
While they were eating their soup there was a welcoming howl at the door and the Sour Dough boys fairly whizzed upon us. They lived at a cow camp near town, and of all the bold "punchers" in the valley, they were the most wicked, the most reckless, the most everything bad. And yet they were the jolliest, the most generous, the most feared, and the most liked of all the gallant "rope twirlers." They were extremely proud of themselves and their reputation.

NOBODY knew them by their real names: they all went by "stickers," forced upon them on account of some peculiarity either of character or appearance. There were seven of them—Blizzard Babe, Frizzly Fred, Curly Clifford, Gloomy Gilbert, Blister Bobby, Bachy Ben, and Old Toothpicks. All were large, powerful, and noisy, yet beside the "big scream" of Blizzard, their leader, the rest seemed like mere echoing sighs.

After a great deal of skirmishing and joshing over the tin basin and roller towel, they gayly took their seats at the table.

"Soup?" gurgled Madgy, whirling a radiant smile around the bunch.

"Lord, ain't she a paradise?" admired Blizzard. He had a very red face, very white hair, queer white eyebrows, and a manner that insinuated that he had recently conquered the world.



Madgy had come out; her pink cheesecloth dress showed below her riding skirt, and she carried a plump, well-packed flour sack. She faced the angry cow-punchers, whose revolvers were sagging in their hands

"Shut up your slush!" commanded Madgy. The cow-punchers laughed delightedly.

"Now, ain't she a little keg of dynamite when she gets mad?" Old Toothpicks whispered to the barber.

"Say, honey," pleaded Gloomy Gilbert, "ain't you going to leave me fetch you to the dance next week?" "Soup?" This time it was like a firecracker. Madgy's temper seemed strangely quick to-day; usually she could stand any amount of joshing.

"Oh, if you would only fetch me my soup forever!" sighed Blister sentimentally.

"Now, you ain't goin' to git a snack to eat unless you shut up slinging your jaw." Madgy was very angry; her black eyes sizzled, her round mouth flattened into a straight line, even the little put-up curls around her forehead bobbed defiantly as she disappeared through the curtain. The cow-punchers pounded the table with glee and swore big, rollicking oaths.

When all the dinner was on—even the pale pie—and the cook had peeped around the curtain and told the grubbers that that was the best dinner they ever ate, to leave the dollar and tips under their glasses

and not in their coffee cups, Madgy turned to me. "Come on, schoolmarm, let's feed." Then to the grubbers: "Now if any of you wants anything else, you can hunt it. You expects a poor wore-out girl to blister her feet waitin' on you."

"What about that fellow what rode off on the sorrel mare?" asked Blizzard. "I peeked in and seen you waiting on him pretty hoppy."

THE cow-punchers roared again: "Gee, that sorrel mare, he ain't worth the mud on his hoofs."

"Gosh, I bet he ain't no rockin'-chair."

"Maybe you'll wish you had him some day," affirmed Madgy with spirit. "I know horses, and, believe me, that's a valuable mare."

"Maybe she'd be some valuable for a hatrack." At this observation from Blizzard, the cow-punchers went into spasms of mirth.

"Well, it's all he's got left. That fellow works awful hard for a start and then he pulls up his stakes for this valley, understanding it's a good horse country. He's going to sell his eight horses for seventeen hun-

dred and fifty dollars to buy a little ranch in Idyho. Well, as soon as he gits over the Divide, one night his horses all disappears, all except that sorrel. I tells him to describe me them beasts. Well, I got a natural eye for horses, seeing my own pa was a horse thief, and I know I seen that bunch going through town the other night. And I know who was driving them, all right. Blizzard, pass me the sugar."

The cow-punchers were glowering at their plates. Now and then they raised guilty faces that looked stealthily toward the saloon keeper, the barber, and the prospector. But these gave no sign of being interested.

"To be sure I ain't mentioned no names." Madgy believed in rubbing it in. "Toothpicks, please pass the catchup." The meal proceeded in silence; finally the barber, the saloon keeper, and the prospector left the table. Blizzard looked at me with an air of dismissal.

"Oh, you don't need to mind the schoolmarm if you got anything to say." Madgy looked at them accusingly. "She seen who was driving them horses, too."

Now, I hadn't seen anything (Continued on page 26)

The Beautiful Thing

By Annie Hamilton Donnell

ILLUSTRATED BY P. J. MONAHAN



"I'm such a funny kid!"... She ridiculed the girl she passed and repassed in the mirror

SIDNEY set her little room in order for her Hour of Decision. She was full of a tender, happy little notion that only in a speckless, spotless room could she sit down to answer Joseph. *Joseph!* It was such a funny, undesirable name, yet Sidney was very close now to desiring it. She would never say "Joe"—always Joseph. That is, of course, if—but Sidney and that "if" were getting farther away from each other as the Hour of Decision approached. It was a very near Hour now; the little nickel clock on Sidney's bookcase beckoned to it with both hands.

Just this once more she would go the short round of bureau and desk making tidy things a little tidier still.

"I'm such a funny kid! You're such a funny!" she ridiculed the girl she passed and repassed in her mirror. But she was not a funny but a sweet and appealing "kid" in the grip of this beautiful notion to make her little house ready. It was a pity Joseph could not see her. The exquisite tidiness of that plain little room was the outward symbol of Sidney's swept and dusted soul. It was as if she were setting her Room of Life, too, in order for this distant Joseph. The symbolism of it was appropriate and glorious; the soul of Sidney understood.

THE sheet of paper and the pen were ready for the Hour to strike. Sidney rearranged them tenderly, putting the pen in a little readier position, as those who posture and prepare to dart away at the crucial moment on their race. Then, with a tense gravity that sat oddly but becomingly on her round young face, Sidney arrayed her slender person in its best. That was the final preparation. She was ready now.

"I'm glad I mended this trimming," she thought, relieved at the unlooked-for good appearance of the little lace darn. "I'm glad I blacked my shoes—I'm glad I washed my hair. I'm beginning to be glad his name is Joseph!" The sweet gravity broke for a moment to let a smile through the rift. She had always so hated the name of Joseph until now—did she hate it now? It was a nice solid name, not misleading like her own nor like "Joe." Joseph could never mislead!

"You'd always know a Joseph was a big husky—dear," she smiled in her thoughts. Just a blundering big dear, for who but a Joseph would have proposed to her in that funny formal letter? Yet tenderness ran through the words of that letter—oh, the tenderness that ran through! It gripped the girl's heart. It sent her in a sudden faintness in a little heap on her bed. "Oh—Joseph!"

THE house below, above, round about Sidney had been abnormally quiet; or else in her absorption of mind and occupation she had been isolated in quiet.

Now, however, there rose upon her ear the customary tumult and din of the house. It flowed upward, flowed downward, flowed round about her.

The twins in the attic clattered about on loose little sandals. Somewhere Nellie and Sargent were playing Fire Alarm, and somewhere else a thin little cry announced the whereabouts of Mother and Tidbit.

"Sidney! Sidney dear!"

With an anguished glance at the little nickel clock, Sidney answered that call. The little nickel clock was struggling to strike the Hour.

"Yes, what is it, Mother?" The young voice and the

"Because I'm always calling you, dear, and I did want to give you a little hour to yourself for once. It's very trying to be Oldest Daughter—I was one myself."

With the two-year-old in her arms, Sidney fell to pacing the room with the beautiful young strides that the small, tried soul at the roots of the throbbing tooth exulted in. Back and forth—this Siddle sister walked so splendidly!

"I ought to have locked my room—goodness, I wish I had! Those rampacious twins—but I can't climb upstairs with my arms full of You Great—no use! You're such a little nuisance baby! There, stop crying—stop—stop—stop!" She set the importuning little word to music and crooned it soothingly. Her mind climbed back to her solemn, garish little room, and the possibility of its invasion by a sacrilegious horde—why on earth had she left it defenseless! Oh, why had she had to leave it at all for just this hour? Her soul demanded its Hour—rebelled healthily at being denied.

"Oh, go to sleep—go to sleep—go to sleep!" she crooned angrily, and Tidbit, in sheer surprise at this new note in his lullaby, actually stopped his persistent little wail to listen to it.

A FRESH grievance occurred to Sidney. She seemed suddenly a creature of grievances, no longer a serene young soul, smoothed and gentled and arrayed for the great decision of life. This Sidney soul bore no semblance to the one she had left in the dusted room upstairs, so sordid a young soul was this one!

"I've got on my best dress and it's getting all crumpled—you'll spoil it, Tidbit Rose. Aren't you ashamed of yourself? You Little Great, you! You're altogether too big to cut up babyshines like this—there, there, there! Old Sister's too big, too!"

"Oh-oh-oh, I'm a-bleedin'—look at me bleed!" Into the room, upon Sidney and the baby, drowsy at last, burst a gory little vision.

"I've bled all o' the bath towels up—I want Mother! Some'dy find Mother. I wasn't going to tell, but then I went and kept *right on* a-bleedin'—"

"Sarah Rose, you've been playing with knives again! How many times has Mother told you never to touch sharp things—oh, you Poor Little! Sit down in that chair and I'll get Mother—why, Sarah!—why, darling!"

FOR Sarah, the indomitable twin—Sarah, herself a "sharp" little thing—had crumpled together at Sidney's feet. One plump wrist revealed itself in an awful bath of red.

"She's dead, isn't she? If she's dead I'm goin' to the funeral. Mother's got to let me go to Sarah's fune—"

"Griffith Rose, sit down in that chair there and lock your arms around this baby—do you hear, lock them? I'm going for Mother. If you dare to stir—" She was already gone. On the floor a little sea of red was spreading round his twin, and Griffith sat staring dazedly at it over the disturbed head of Tidbit. Tidbit now was screaming.

In another moment the room was invaded by a terrified family. Mother with white, scared face in the lead. Sidney unlocked Griffith's arms and caught Tidbit up, talking anguished, incoherent words in her distress.

"You did it, Griffith Rose—I believe you did it! Oh, somebody did it!"

clock struggled together to strike suitably. Mother's and Tidbit's voice flowed upward and augmented them in a wave of appeal.

"Oh, come down here into Macedonia and help us, Siddle! Did you ever hear this baby cry so thoroughly! There, there, so he should! Mother knows all about all his little troubles!"

"Give him to me. Has he just waked up?" Sidney's face strove for gentleness, and the arms she held out were inviting to Tidbit.

"Waked up!" cried Mother sharply. "Sidney Rose, do you mean to say you haven't heard him crying one steady hour! There, I'm cross, I suppose, but so'll you be cross when your baby cries with toothache and your nerves are all on edge—other edges—with a thousand and one other things you ought to be doing. I don't know but I'll lose Julia; really I don't, Siddle, I pille things on her so. She hasn't struck yet, but you gve her time! Anyway, I can go out and hang up her wash for her now you've taken baby—Cornelia's too short to reach the line and Elizzie's never long enough in one spot!"

THE relief of laughing relaxed the tired lines of Mother's face.

"Elizabeth's a regular little sneaky! You ought to have called me long ago," Sidney said, though *how* she hadn't wanted to be called! "Why didn't you, Mother?"

"She did it, Sarah did—didn't you, Sarah? She was tuttooing her arm same's Julia's been doing, an' your pen—"
"My pen!"

GRIFFITH was not to be headed off. "Wouldn't go in deep 'nough, so we found your knife," he continued, "an' it kind of slipped, an' Sarah—"
"Everyone of you go out of the room except Sid-die and Mother. Ask Julia if she got the doctor on the phone." Mother's voice was full of the calm of experience. "If not, Neelle or Sargie must go straight after him. I've stopped the bleeding, but it won't stay stopped. I don't dare to take my thumb off. Elizzie, you finish putting the clothes out. Julia must go right on getting dinner—it's most twelve and Your Father will be here."

At twelve Your Father always came. In the midst of her task of recomforting Tidbit, Sidney was conscious of the unrolling of the film of the Rose family's daily nooning within her brain. She saw the curving shoulders of Your Father as he came up the walk to dinner, the scabble of little starvelings for their places at the table, Mother with Tidbit at her skirts or in her arms; Julia, perspiring and hurried, bringing things in. She saw how thin the tablecloth was and the doille over its worst place—saw the twins' eyes on the great family pudding, heard Mother rebuking Sargent because he had not washed his hands.

It all unrolled as a panorama, familiar—and suddenly, to Sidney, sordid. Why would it be any different to-day than any noon—any night or morning? Why did she think it sordid or terrifying to-day—why was she terrified? There had always been the scabble and hurry and rebukes. Sidney could scarcely remember when Your Father's shoulders did not curve or Mother had not had some little Tidbit at her skirts—when there had not been thinnesses in the tablecloths and rugs, or some one had not been bleeding or bumped or up for repairs of some sort. Certainly she could not remember when Sargent had washed his hands!

"What is the matter with me to-day?" thought this new Sidney. "Am I a regular scare cat? Afraid of thin tablecloths and little scabblers—fraidy! fraidy!"

AFRAID of curving shoulders—Joseph's curving shoulders. Was that it? They were so splendid and straight now—her own were so straight. She glanced fearfully toward Mother beside bleeding little Sarah. Yes, Mother's too—Mother's were stooping already, and Mother was not old.

"I'm—afraid," thought Sidney. Tidbit nestled in her arms and she looked down. She was afraid of Tidbit! of them all—Elizzie and Sargie and Neelle; of the twins. Life itself gripped at her terrifyingly. She seemed suddenly awakened from a wondrous dream of love—just love, without any disturbing factors. Just she and Joseph together—there had been no terrors in that. The future had opened ahead of her, an Elysian, hill-less, beautiful path of years, down which she might go with Joseph. She had seen herself in a vision tripping lightly unafraid down that path. But now she was afraid.

Mother—Your Father—did not trip. How long since they had taken hands and lightly, unafraidly, tripped along life's path? Sidney saw them only in this guise of to-day, a tired Mother and Your Father. Suddenly she trembled in the depths of her soul. With the heavy little sleeper in her arms she slipped out of the room and sagged upstairs. Into her own room, through the door the twins had left open, she went and dropped the baby on her bed. She had the feeling of being at bay—of fending off some danger with the outflung arms of her soul. No nearer—it must come no nearer!

THE room was no longer tidily straight and prim. On the table a little pool of ink and on the floor a trail of blood betrayed the twins. Sidney laughed out on a sudden at sight of the crude shape the inky river had taken as it flowed from its source. She was not imagining—she was not! An inky "N" was there, and "no" began with "N." Fate was writing her answer to Joseph for her.

The dinner, interrupted as it was by the visit of the doctor and the atmosphere of general excitement, was even more than wontedly a meal of confusion and noise. Every detail of it was photographed with curious clearness upon the brain of Sidney Rose. Years afterward she could describe the tear marks on Griffith's round brown face, conflicting as they did with a subdued pride in his twinship with this latest family disaster. She could remember the exact words of the family discussion over the gory event, and could see again how Your Father stooped a little more and Mother's dear face looked a little more worried. That dinner was in the way of being a sample dinner—a pattern to Sidney of dinners that

might come upon families, even out of blue skies of comparative peace. If she were Mother—if Joseph were Your Father—the thought was alarming. A detaining warning hand seemed laid upon her heart. She was glad her Hour of Decision had been interrupted in the morning. By now the letter might have been on its way. The afternoon added uncannily to her unease of soul, though no minute of it seemed her own to give to calm thought. She and Mother spent hurried, harried hours adjusting small quarrels, keeping Sarah from loosening her bandages, soothing the fretful Tidbit. In the midst of all appeared a grim maid in Sunday guise. She stood in the doorway, a creature to grovel to and implore. "Julia!"

It had come then. Mother's despairing glance flew to Sidney, "I told you so!" in its speech.



"Oh—oh—oh, I'm a-bleedin'—look at me bleed!" Into the room, upon Sidney and the baby, burst a gory little vision

"Yes, mem, I'm goin'. I've did up all the work first. You can look in all o' my cracks 'n' cupboard— I can't stan' it any longer to be rid over by a mess o' children. I guess there's kitchen nerves same as there's dorrin' room ones, an' I've got 'em. 'Twon't do a mite o' good to say anything"—she warded off hurriedly—"I'm on my way."

JULIA was guiltless of slang—only stony determination guided her tongue. Mother gently slid Tidbit to the floor and made her hopeless appeal.

"But, Julia—but something *cetra* must have happened—there must have been a last straw—"

"Yes, mem, there was. He rid his bicycle over my things spread on the grass, an' I ain't got the stains out yet."

"Sargie?" It must have been Sargent. "I'm so sorry, Julia! He shall apologize—"

"Won't do a mite o' good. Apologies nor soft soap won't get them stains out o' my nerves. I've decided to go. I don't want no pay for this week so fur—I'll throw that in."

"Oh, but Julia—Julia!—you've thrown me into the Slough of Despond!—Siddie, dear, see to baby and Sarah. I want to talk to Julia somewhere where it's quieter."

It availed nothing. The supper that night was prepared by the combined efforts of Sidney and Elizabeth while Mother wrestled with a nervous headache.

"If I decide to get married—ever," Elizzie volunteered, butter dish in hand, "I'm going to have it in the contract that there won't be but just one darling little baby—that's all. One's enough—goodness! And the minute I want to, I'm going to break up housekeeping and board—I won't want to the first minute, because it's so romantic to pour his tea and put in lumps!"

INTO Sidney's painful abstraction of mind flashed a little saving gleam of humor. Was this Marriage, Limited, the way out? She laughed girlishly at Elizzie's solution, and in that laugh the tight tension of her young soul was eased. She felt a little better.

Washing Julia's dishes, getting the children to bed, the bread to rising, setting the cluttered house into

its brief night orderliness—all the duties crowded upon each other's heels, and it was nine o'clock before Sidney went to her room again with leisure to make her great decision. But, of course—it was already made. She knew what to say after "Dear Joseph." Had not a continuous stream of incidents and considerations been bearing her toward that decision? She had been carried along in the flood of them; the courage to swim against the current was ebbing from her soul tips, had already ebbed. Poor Joseph—poor herself—

She tidied her dismantled little room, and then in very terror of the significance of its tidiness, of what it meant she must do there at that cleared and ready table, she fled from the room altogether—out into the hall—anywhere away from the Decision. Right then it was that Sidney came upon the Beautiful Thing. Mother was kissing Your Father out in the quiet hall. They were lovers, kissing lovingly. Sidney had seen it before many times, but it had never been just this Beautiful Thing before. Something gripped at the girl's throat.

"Siddie! She's caught us, Father! Right in the act—but we're not ashamed of ourselves. I guess, when we've been married twenty years, we've a right to kiss each other! Give me another one, Father, and then go right to bed. Right straight, you Poor Tired! No, I can't go yet a while—I've got to mend Sargie's trousers and Griff's coat."

"But your head, Mother—that awful headache—"

Mother's tender little laugh! "Your Father's kissed my headache away, Siddie—right spang away! It isn't the first time either. Kiss her, too, Father—she's Oldest Daughter."

THEY went into Sidney's room together, Sidney and Mother. The girl's gripped throat refused speech. It was Mother who spoke.

"Did we frighten you, dear? Didn't you know that was what kept Your Father and me running! Playing lovers in dark corners! Siddie, there's nothing like it in this world—two old lovers loving each other. You wouldn't believe it grew sweeter—" Mother's voice shook a little and took refuge in silence. When it began again it was itself.

"There was something—oh, yes, the baby! I was coming for you to go and see how cunning he looks in his little sleepings. Then Your Father came along, and—well, I forgot everything but Your Father. I'm willing to own up! He's so dear, Siddie—Your Father! Twenty years is a long time to keep right on being dear. There, now we'll go look at that baby. If he only hasn't moved his little arms—right round his beloved little red chair! He would take it to bed with him."

They had come to the nursery. It was dimly lighted, and the twin faces as they passed their little bed were faintly outlined, but even in the half light full of a startling, peaceful beauty. Sidney had not known the twins were beautiful!

"Poor little Sarah! That was an awful cut. But wasn't she brave, Siddie? That's one thing I never had—a little cowardly."

Sidney's cheeks suddenly burned. If Mother but knew the little cowardly she had right here behind her!

"The doctor says it'll heal right up. Cuts always do with healthy children. All you children's cuts always did. I remember once, Siddie, when you—will you look? Isn't that cunning? Hugging up his little red chair! He hasn't stirred. Let's sit down a minute and look at him. That's next best thing to Your Father's kissing me—watching my babies in their little sleepings. I've done it nineteen years, ever since you came to be watched—Siddie, I heard the saddest thing to-day! The Arnolds have lost their little baby."

IT WAS very still in the half-lit room. The grief of that other mother whose baby lay in another sleep invaded the place and lay heavy on their hearts. Mother's hand went out to Tidbit, to feel his soft warmness.

"Sidney, when I think of it, it frightens me—the Lord has been so good to me! I'm going round now and count my babies. Then I'm going in and kiss Your Father. Dear child, if you only knew—if you ever knew!"

Back in her room Sidney found that she was sobbing. She caught herself in the act. Life, that had terrified her with its complexities and its dreads, had changed to a Beautiful Thing that was love.

"I'm not afraid! I'm not afraid!" Sidney cried. She stood in the middle of the room, a straight and unafraid young creature. The call of life was in her ears, and she listened.

"Joseph, do you hear?—I am not afraid." The soft color flooded her cheeks; her eyes were pools of sweet, clear light. Joseph was in the room, and she answered him.

The Czar's Fighting Men

Petrograd, Sept. 11, 1914

RYADOVOI Vassili Skvortseff of the fourth company of an unknown battalion of the Eighth Army Corps is probably dead or in Berlin. A "riadovoi" is a private. Vassili Skvortseff was one of two hundred thousand privates led into the southern canton of East Prussia by brave General Samsonoff, and, with the exception of about sixty thousand, all wiped out by shell fire or taken prisoners in the Masurian swamps by General von Benckendorf and von Hindenburg.

Vassili Skvortseff is a member of the first reserve, and he came from the province of Tver. Probably he had a beard, six unwashed children, and a taste for vodka. That is all that may be known or assumed, except that Vassili was a letter writer. And in the good days when Samsonoff lived, when Russia still talked merrily of marching on Berlin, Vassili wrote a letter to his brother Yuri which has appeared in the "Viedomosti" of Moscow. It is one of a handful of soldiers' letters which are the subject of this sketch.

The Inexplicable Muzhik

EVERY Russian peasant starts or ends his letters with an all-round greeting to Luka, Matriona, uncle Pavl, and sister Duniasha. That is how Vassili Skvortseff begins. Then he tells things of tragedy and laughter. About trains, about murder, gambling, about the "Niemtsi," the German dummies—about the stars. His is a human document, a document which shows the inexplicable muzhik, both brutalized and transfigured as people saw him two generations back in the "Recollections of a Sportsman" of Ivan Turgeneff.

"Genuflections (pokloni) to mother, to auntie Lucheriya, to Battushka (the priest), and tell the headman Feodor Afanasieff that his two shovels were left at the priest's house. We left home on the 24th July (old style), and were taken to Moscow. We left with Nikolai and the two brothers Bravin. We heard that the 'Niemtsi' had landed many troops between Ildau and Windau, and were killed by our men, all except three. This is true. Now we have been five days conquering East Prussia. Part of our corps and our battalion entered over Lutsk (Lyck in the East-Prussian canton of Allenstein). We attacked the 'Niemtsi' three times and drove them back. Just east of Lutsk. The 'Niemtsi' fear terribly the bayonet but they shoot well. They all ran away.

"We marched on Lötzen, burning Widminnen on the way. There were no 'Niemtsi' in sight. The road between two lakes outside Lutsk was torn up and blocked with barbed wires tied between trees. As we stormed these the 'Niemtsi' shot us. Nikolai was wounded in the hand. He laughed and said: 'My sleeve is on fire.' They sent Nikolai back. Yevgeni Bravin also got a scratch. One shell killed eighteen of ours. After that we saw no more 'Niemtsi.' Indeed, till we got to Lötzen we saw not one woman or child, and few men. Part of ours who went by another road were driven back. They lost a hundred killed.

"Our general Samsonoff brought from Tashkend two Sarts whom he made his lackeys. We met one in Lötzen who cursed at the Orthodox Cross. This is a bad sign. Yevgeni Bravin went for him, and the Sart pulled off Yevgeni's bandage. We nearly killed the Sart.

"All the men in our train between Rogatchev and Bialystok got cold. It must be the water. Our train was newly boarded across with seats for each man. The men in the next train had to stand all the time. We played cards. Nikolai invented the new game 'Pull Eighteen Kopecks.' After that we went out and counted the stars. Our feldwebel says that the stars cannot be counted. Except if you wake in the morning at four on the night of John the Baptist. Then

If there is no moon you can count the stars. The 'Niemtsi' won't be able to count us Orthodox. Glory be to God. Slava Bogu."

Apparently Skvortseff is an educated man. He writes himself. The letter of Dmitri Zaleski, found unposted on his body, and published in the Vienna "Zeit," shows that most soldiers' letters are dictated to—more often composed by—regimental clerks and scholarly comrades. Zaleski belonged to the army of Lieutenant General Ruszki, which captured Lemberg. He refers to the General not by name, but says he limps. That is true of Ruszki.

An Everyday Affair

THERE are altogether nine Dmitris in our company, and they call us the Dmitri bundle. I wrote this letter myself. Our men pay Corporal Dmitri Olenin two kopecks for every letter written. Last night Olenin wrote twelve. Your nephew Ivan refused to pay for a letter which Olenin wrote to Ivan's girl, Kekla, at Borissovka. Olenin could not compose letters to sweethearts; but he made us all cry with a letter written to a man whose son was killed. Ivan got the letter of Olenin, for he got a soldier to add to a letter to another Borissovskoe girl a postscript for Fekla. Ivan paid nothing. There are two Catholic Poles and some Jews in our company. One Pole was killed in the first fight we had with the Austrians near Komarow.

"This was a bloody affair. The only Austrians I have seen were little, spiderlike men, who run at a great pace and gesticulate. They caught our second battalion in a ravine and killed nearly a third. Our men mostly get the best of it. We attacked the Austrians in front and bayoneted every man.

"The same Dmitri who writes our men's letters had a great experience. He got right into an Austrian trench on our right, at the hill Chotka. He ran his bayonet into Swab (Austrian) after Swab, killing hundreds. The Austrians turned their artillery on us and on their own men as we wrestled in the trench. They killed many of their own men. The Austrians do not fight fairly, as is shown by their attacking our men in trenches after we had captured these trenches from them in fair fight. This, says our commander, will be punished by shooting.

"Anyway, Dmitri, the letter writer, was stunned by a shell explosion. The shell stripped off all Dmitri's clothing except his boots and the triapki (foot bandages worn instead of socks). The Austrians thought that he was dead and he thought so himself. When our fellows came up and drove out the Swabs, up rises Dmitri stark naked. Our men thought he was a Swab and wanted to run him through, but out bawls Dmitri: 'Brothers, I am an Orthodox man! Don't you know Dmitri, the letter writer?' Dmitri's face was black and no one did know him.

"Often the Swab shells strip men naked. This is



Russian Experiences in East Prussia

By Robert Crozier Long

masses of the other combatant nations. Here is a picture sent by a noncommissioned Cossack officer present at Gumbinnen, whence the Germans retired, so they said, with eight thousand prisoners, the Russians also claiming a decisive success. This was the first serious action in the East-Prussian struggle.

"We routed the cockroaches. [Prusaki. The Prussians call cockroaches 'Frenchmen and Russians.'] There are none in sight. We must have killed ten thousand. I had no experience myself, as our force was all the time kept in reserve, and before we were allowed across the Angerapp our fellows had hunted the cockroaches out of sight. But I heard things. One of our battalions caught a hundred cockroaches in a barn near Budballen and bayoneted all of them. The cockroaches had no ammunition. I said they were all killed, but that is wrong. When our men saw that the cockroaches could do no harm, they were nice to them. They bound the wound of one man and tied him to a cart. 'What is your name, Christian man?' asked one of our officers. The cockroach did not answer. Then the captain asked him in Polish, and he gave his name. The captain untied him. He was a little black man, and he went mad from joy.

"At Dolkmenkoe [Darkehmen, south of Gumbinnen] we slaughtered every German we saw. So did the infantry. One man hunted two up a narrow, blind corridor in a farmhouse and pinned both to the wall, one behind the other. The cockroaches have short bayonets and can't do that. Still there is not much bayonet fighting, as the cockroaches fire from a distance. They fire heavy artillery which suffocates. Our men are better shots, but the cockroach shells do more damage. They buy their shells in England. That is funny, as the English are fighting on our side."

Odd Chances of War

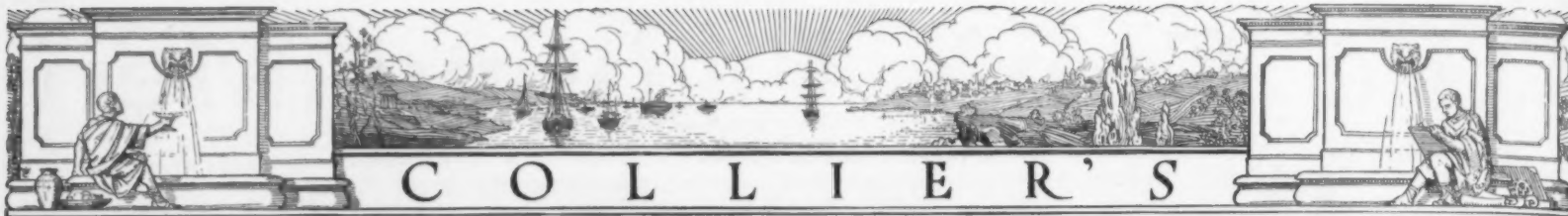
SO MUCH for the muzhik as a fighter. The muzhik soldier is religious, mystically inclined, and superstitious. Sergeant Lebedyeff of the Twenty-third Army Corps tells of a comrade who went unscathed through many engagements and, when his hour dawned, died from a trifle:

"As you will see in the casualty lists [there are no casualty lists], Michail Osipovitch Tcheremesieff is dead. Michail from Simbirsk, where he lost his ear through frost-bite. Michail was told by the wise woman that he would go through great dangers and live, and that some day a small thing would kill him. Michail laughed. He told Consistorial Secretary Levitoff, when he was working for him as gardener, and the Consistorial Secretary laughed, too. He said: 'Beware of two small things: small drinks of vodka and small women.' 'All right,' said Michail. Michail fought in a dash on a German outpost at Bielsky (Piella), and all our men were wounded except himself. Two days afterward Michail was on sentry duty where the railway bridge crosses the road to Johannesburg. The 'Niemtsi' shot at him and missed. Next a shell blew off Michail's forage cap.

"Then Michail went into (Concluded on page 24)

when the shells fall into covered trenches or into houses. The gas, so our captain, Rozhkoff, says, gets under the clothes and tears them off. The men are nearly always killed, but they seldom show wounds. I saw one naked man dead with only a finger off. 'How could he have died from losing only a finger?' says our assistant field surgeon. 'From loss of blood?' 'No,' says the doctor, 'from loss of wind. The shell took all the breath out of his liver, and with it his Christian soul. God pity him!'

Most Russian soldiers' letters are humane and creditable. They describe frightful butchery, but show no malice, triumph, or cruelty, and have indications of decency and Christian charity which will not be found in the demoralized



Ships and Suasion

WE ARE NOT SURE that all of the Administration papers are really as friendly to WILSON as they intend to be. We doubt if they help when they describe him as having "his jaw set hard" and "determined the United States shall buy ships." They represent him as threatening that if private capitalists don't buy some ships right away he will use Government money to go into the shipping business. Money is a shy bird. Private individuals accustomed to luring it out of its abiding places for new enterprises do not go at it with threats. Undoubtedly WILSON is in earnest in wishing we had some American ships. The wish is all to his credit. But threatening is not the way to get it. We ought to have money for privately owned ships. To get that money, there is only one way. That is to persuade capital that the enterprise will be profitable. To hold out the threat of subsidized Government competition is not a good way to persuade capital that the business will be profitable. WILSON's idea of having the Federal Government spend \$30,000,000 for freight ships is decidedly the least happy of the measures which he has initiated for the relief of the difficulties brought on us by the war.

Go Easy, Please

TWICE WITHIN THE YEAR the Secretary of the Treasury has made charges against specified banks or groups of banks. Later he has retracted these charges publicly. If a newspaper had done this, it would probably have been involved, deservedly, in serious libel suits. At best it would have been seriously discredited by the public. The Treasury portfolio is an office whose incumbent should strive with extraordinary scrupulousness to create a public impression of accuracy and prudence.

New York's Candidates

IN NEW YORK the candidates offered for the voters' choice next month represent a distinct advance in the direction of ability and the better qualities of political availability. In the nominating primaries of both the Democratic and Republican parties the organization won; but they won with candidates of more than commonly high quality. The present Governor, GLYNN, is renominated by the Democrats. It is true that he is the choice of the organization, including Tammany, but it is also true that he has proved executive ability of the kind most needed just now in public life. In his administrative capacity GLYNN has left nothing to be desired, although in his appointments he has favored the machine by putting some decidedly mediocre Tammany men in office. The conspicuous thing about him is the marked economies he has effected in the public budget. WHITMAN, the Republican candidate for Governor, is likewise the choice of the organization, and during the primary campaign conspicuously avoided repeated importunities addressed to him to repudiate BARNES and the bosses. Nevertheless, WHITMAN has filled one of the most important offices in the United States with unique ability and energy. As District Attorney of the city of New York he has been absolutely incorruptible, and has never deferred improperly to any political boss or organization. His record as a public servant of New York City deserves the highest commendation. As between him and GLYNN, the fact which might conspicuously influence the independent voter at the present moment is that GLYNN has proved in experience that he has executive efficiency and both the wish and the ability to achieve economy. WHITMAN has not had that experience. The Progressive candidate for Governor, DAVENPORT, is a man of the highest character. Like WHITMAN, the point likely to count against him is his lack of experience in executive office at a time when unfamiliar economic conditions throughout the country cause administrative efficiency to be one of the most desirable requisites in a candidate for Governor.

To Succeed Root

WHATEVER DOUBT may lie between the Republican and Democratic candidates for Governor of New York, there need be none as to the two old-party nominees for the succession to Senator Root. WADSWORTH, the Republican candidate, is conspicuously able and has a clean record of public service, which, for a man of his years, is long and important. It is true he is an organization man, but he belongs to that group of people who sincerely believe in strong party organization. No one could justly accuse him of deference to any boss or organization at the cost of public good. If the Republican party is ever again to be powerful in the United States, WADSWORTH is the kind of man to set up among the new leaders. He has ability, intelligence, and definite convictions, which he holds honorably, however they may differ from the convictions of those Republicans who have left the old

party to form a new one. WADSWORTH was in the New York Legislature during the Hughes régime, and was an earnest supporter of all the Hughes program except the direct primary. (In this connection it is interesting to note that WADSWORTH is himself the beneficiary of the first Republican primary held in New York State; also that the Hughes primary which he resisted was much less radical than the primary law which ultimately was passed—a lesson in the acceptance of reasonable changes which ought to be taken to heart.) WADSWORTH was sympathetic to such innovations as the Workmen's Compensation Law. Progressive-minded Republicans can vote for him without misgiving. His record and ability are such as to make him probably as promising a candidate to fill the shoes of Senator Root as there is in public life in New York. GERARD, the Democratic candidate, is a political favorite of fortune. He has been a judge and is now Ambassador to Germany. The place in the public eye which his present office has given him is largely responsible for his choice by Tammany.

Pound Penrose

IF PENNSYLVANIA reelects Senator PENROSE next month, it will be hard to believe that there is much of the spirit of regeneration in that State. Next to CANNON and MCKINLEY, who are running for Congress in Illinois, PENROSE is the most conspicuous of the old discredited leaders of the Republican party who are now offering a conspicuous target to the discriminating voter. PENROSE is not merely reactionary. In the present mood of public opinion, with the unaccustomed economic conditions which we face, the Republican voters of Pennsylvania might be forgiven for standing pat. But PENROSE has perpetuated in Pennsylvania, ever since QUAY died, probably the most odious political machine in the United States. Aside from any political or economic issue, this machine, with its booze affiliations, creates a moral issue which no sincere voter can dodge.

Illinois's Sir Galahad

IN ILLINOIS ROGER SULLIVAN seems to be prospering in his new rôle of friend of the people and upholder of Wilson ideals. This rôle is now only a little over two years old, having been assumed when the Illinois boss swung his delegates to WILSON in the Baltimore Convention at a time when WILSON began to look like a sure winner. Good folks, of course, must welcome ROGER into the fold, but it would be not only just but prudent to let him abide in the faith a little longer before honoring him with the Senatorship. Illinois is one of the States where the Progressive candidate—in this case RAYMOND ROBBINS—ought to be supported by everyone who favors the new order.

Up to U. S., Us

SPEAKING IN A LARGE WAY, the principal job ahead of the United States just now is to save money. For 125 years we have borrowed money from Europe. We can't do so any longer. Europe isn't going to have any money to lend. It isn't going to have enough for its own current needs. When we wanted to build the Rock Island Railroad we borrowed the money from Holland. When we wanted to develop the Anaconda Mine we borrowed from the same place. When we wanted to improve the St. Louis & San Francisco we borrowed from France. For other railroads and other improvements we borrowed from England and from Germany. That's all in the past. We can't borrow any more. For the future, if we want to build more railroads or electric plants, or develop more mines, we must supply the money from our own pockets—or go without. The one great necessity put upon us by the war, the biggest economic need in America to-day, is to *save money*. In the past we have not been savers. This table tells the story. It shows, for each country, the number of persons out of every thousand of the population who are savings depositors:

Switzerland	554	Holland	325
Denmark	442	Germany	317
Norway	415	England	302
Sweden	404	Australia	300
Belgium	397	Tasmania	280
New Zealand	360	Japan	270
France	346	Italy	220
United States	90		

These figures are eloquent of what is at once our need and our opportunity.

Cousin Canada

AS THE WAR RAGES ON and we find ourselves pinched by it, we can and do thank God for good neighbors. The most wonderful thing in North American life is the fact that for four or five thousand miles our frontier is Canada's frontier, and not only is there no fort upon it, but there is no place where anyone in either



THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

nation wants a fort. They are people one is glad to have next door, the Canadians. Sometimes a Taft or a Clark says something that makes us blush for him; but the nice thing about these people is, they understand what a loose tongue is and pay very little attention to it. A good deal used to be said about annexing Canada, and once in a while a man comes back from there so full of admiration that he wants to annex the United States to Canada instant; but most of us feel—and we sincerely hope Canada can share the feeling—that just being neighbors is the best thing for both of us. We have the same problems in the main, and we are glad to have Canada show how she thinks they should be worked out. We have a good deal of common property in the lakes and rivers which lie between our shore and hers. It is a really beautiful thing to think of—in the war-torn autumn of 1914—that we have never had a serious difference about this common property. This is a good time to vow that we never will. Our Lady of the Snows is not so cold as her title might lead one to think. She is distinctly our sort—and we hope she won't mind our saying so. The frontier is an imaginary line only. Thoughts are the true bond of friendship. Let us draw closer and closer to Canada in thought. Let us seek, nationally and individually, to foster the relations which make us thank God for Canada as a neighbor. After all, most of our history is the same as hers. We owe the same debt to CHAUCER, SPENSER, King ALFRED, WILLIAM the Conqueror, the Barons who operated on JOHN at Runnymede, the Bill of Rights, the Petition of Rights, SHAKESPEARE, DARWIN, SPENCER, WESLEY, NEWMAN, WASHINGTON, PITT, and all that wonderful succession of poets, statesmen, soldiers, and scientists who have built British, Canadian, and American thought, art, and democracy. The lessening detail of differing governments should scarcely enter one's thought when thinking of Canada. In fact, it scarcely ever does.

Getting Rid of Drudgery

IF YOUR JOB IRKS YOU, dig in and find some more livable way of getting it done. That is the American idea of it, and a very striking instance is reported by "Modern Mechanics" when it states that a Chicago scrubwoman has invented a scrubbing pad which runs on ball-bearing casters and saves much of the old drudgery. Scrubbing is about as plain a line of work as there is. We hope she doesn't get beaten out of the invention by some clever business man or lawyer.

The Man Who Made Money Out of It

OUT IN PORTLAND, ORE., one day last month, OSCAR HARRIS, blacksmith, cut a woman's throat. The woman was his wife, and, after killing her, he killed himself. The murdered woman was blind. We quote the Portland "Evening Telegram":

HARRIS had been drinking heavily of late and was supposed to have attacked his helpless wife while in an alcoholic frenzy. That the wife, who had been blind for some time, put up an unequal struggle against the drink-maddened murderer was apparent from the jumbled confusion of the furniture and from the condition of the woman's face.

This fall Oregon votes dry or wet, and women vote in the election. What will Oregon voters say to the Harris case? What do they think of the man who sold HARRIS his whisky, and what do we all think of the cozy, respectable distiller of the whisky, who lives on one of the best streets in his town and enjoys the comforts of the civilized State?

Jekyll and Hyde in Business

THE WAR has shown clearly the strength and weakness of our business men. Volcanic changes in international relations are bound to close old channels of trade and to open new ones. These possibilities are being closely scanned, and a great deal of patient, hopeful work will be undertaken in consequence. One result will be to strengthen the economic position of our country among the nations. This is business leadership, and those who undertake it are captains of commerce. On the other hand, the war shock is a great disturber of values and prices, since it causes frenzied buying of some things, but panicky retrenchment in other lines. The price of sugar doubled in two weeks, poultry and vegetables went up one-fourth or one-half

in price, and corners were promptly engineered in various drugs and special articles. This sort of thing is speculative parasitism, and those who force it and profit by it are market adventurers, not business men.

Improving Our Scenery

A LOT OF TOURISTS will be doing their best next year in all parts of our fair land. California expects to get a million of them over the Rockies, and doesn't care whether they get back or not. Also, the New York Giants have finally dispelled the delusion that we have no ruins in America. Then there is the rat-haunted wreck of WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST's political ambitions—worth three stars in any guidebook. See America first!

Welcome

WE WELCOME a new periodical—the Atlanta "Saturday Night." The newcomer is a well-printed, pleasing kind of paper; it follows pretty closely the make-up of the Toronto and Detroit "Saturday Nights." We like these periodicals which, though they may touch upon any theme under the sun, are more or less regional in their first appeal. Time was when we always read the "Argonaut" of San Francisco. We still do read the Detroit paper, that stands in the forefront in many good fights. "Reedy's Mirror," published in St. Louis, is not an organ of reform—except land reform; but, since WILLIAM MARION REEDY contrib-

utes most of the articles, it is vivid and lively; pungent of phrase and thought. We hope the Atlanta "Saturday Night" will earn its right to be named with these older weeklies. The South needs a periodical of this type, and we shall follow the "Saturday Night" and report to our readers if we find anything very remarkable.

Better Days

UNDER THE EDITORIAL FLAG and, therefore, as its leading editorial, the Chicago "Record-Herald" prints this paragraph:

AN APOLOGY

The "Herald" desires to apologize to those of its readers who saw in one of its Sunday editions a page advertisement of an alleged catarrh cure. The advertisement found its way into the paper without the knowledge of the editor. As soon as he saw it he killed it. The "Herald" does not want the dirty dollars that come from this kind of advertising.

This is the new spirit in American journalism.

Speculation

IN 1814 died CHARLES X. GNE, parvenu conqueror of all Europe, transcendent (though illiterate) warrior and king. In 1814 another conqueror of Europe retired to Elba amid cheers and tears. What great climax do you look for in this year 1914?



"Die Wacht Am Rhine"

Hoboken, 1915

Rewards of Business Courage

By Ray Stannard Baker

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER J. ENRIGHT

IT IS plain enough to anyone who sees America at this critical moment that we are passing through the usual preliminary stages in our part of the Great War. We, also, are mobilizing our national forces—money, credit, commerce, and industry. We have already engaged in hot skirmishing, and we have had the usual exaggerated reports of petty victories and defeats. Why, it was actually reported and believed in the early stages of the war that Wall Street could meet the combined financial assaults of the whole world! And we captured the commerce of South America overnight!

But the great battles, the serious business of the war, as it affects America, are yet to come. We require at this moment the same kind of solemn advice that the British leaders are giving their people. We must realize clearly that this is not only the greatest event in your life or mine, but the greatest crisis, probably, that civilization has ever had to meet. Victories are easy to prophesy before we have really come into contact with the forces which oppose us.

I have been talking with a number of the more important bankers and business men of New York—men whose occupation requires them to take a broad view of affairs, and whose success rests upon their ability to see a little farther into the future than the man in the street.

War Cuts Deep

THESE able business men, who have been working closely with the administrative commanders at Washington, are what may be called the general staff of the forces we are now mobilizing. While they are confident of the ultimate result of the campaign, for they know the resources of the nation, they do not minimize the task which lies before us. No general ever speaks lightly of war, for he knows too well the seriousness of it. However confident he may be of ultimate victory, he knows that it will not be achieved without serious strain and many casualties. Half the civilized world cannot engage in a devastating conflict, with huge losses of men and great destruction of accumulated wealth, without affecting the other half. Dead men, impoverished families, and depleted nations do not buy food, clothing, and manufactured products. A misfortune to one nation is a misfortune to all. The commanders at Washington and the general staff in New York and other cities are looking these hard facts in the face. Nor will the boundaries of the nations of Europe be more profoundly changed than the boundaries of American commerce and industry. Vast readjustments are certain to come, and in the process some individual industries and some individual men are destined to suffer, and some to thrive as never before. This is the fortune of war. Nothing will be quite as it has been in the past. There will be a new deal all around, and new opportunities for courage, originality, youth, energy. It is the history of war that the men who are commanding generals at the outset rarely last through the war. Some obscure lieutenant becomes a Napoleon. It will not be different in the present war in America. Youth again has its opportunity.

The Staff Is Thrust Into Our Hand

THE confidence of the general staff in the ultimate outcome is well founded. If the wise generalship of President Wilson continues to keep us neutral, the outcome is absolutely certain. Relatively, whatever the world losses and readjustments may be, the United States is certain to occupy a stronger place in the brotherhood of the nations than ever before. While nearly all the rest of the civilized world is killing, burning, destroying, wasting, we are at peace. Our land is producing as usual, our population continues at work. We should not speak of this fact in the face of the awful carnage in Europe in any spirit of vainglory; and yet it is a factor to be clearly recognized. It has its responsibilities as well as its rewards. However furious the war, the business of civilization must go on. People must be fed and clothed. Goods must be manufactured. Commerce must be maintained. As the great neutral nation of the world, America must take the responsibility of a large part of this work of civilization. All this will mean



We, also, are mobilizing our national forces—money, credit, commerce, and industry. We must realize clearly that this is the greatest crisis, probably, that civilization has ever had to meet

ultimately, as the fortune of war, immense new openings for our commerce and an immense expansion of our industry. A nation—like an individual business man—which keeps its head in a crisis is certain to come out of it stronger than ever before.

The General in the White House

IN THE meantime, however, there are great problems to be met. The financial and commercial systems of the nations have been utterly disarranged. While our land is as fruitful as ever, and our factories as productive, it is temporarily difficult to exchange our goods with foreign nations or to get money for them. This nation is like a strong bank upon which a run has been started. The assets are all there, the securities are sound—if only people who want their money instantly will be patient. "Watchful waiting" is also the best motto for this emergency.

The German Emperor did not move more quickly in his mobilization of his troops than did President Wilson and the general staff in New York in the mobilization of the forces of American finance and commerce. Austria declared war on July 28. Three days later our financial forces fortified themselves by closing the stock exchanges of the nation. We were at war. On August 3, upon the call of President Wilson, Congress passed an amendment permitting a large increase of available currency (the standing army of finance), and millions of dollars were instantly thrown into New York and other centers. This rapid mobilization, with the accelerated progress in the organization of the Reserve Bank Board under the new currency act, the use of Clearing House certificates at New York and other cities, and the fortification of the savings banks by the adoption of the sixty-day rule for the withdrawal of deposits, met the immediate financial situa-

tion. Less vigor and courage on the part of our leaders in meeting this crisis might have brought disastrous results to the whole country. We won that battle.

The financial crisis having been met, immediate measures were taken to strengthen our commerce. It is as true in commerce as in naval affairs that the control of the sea is the key to victory. Sea power is as important to commerce as to war.

Here again President Wilson acted with great vigor and foresight. An amendment was passed by Congress permitting the purchase of foreign-built ships to strengthen our commerce, and the Government agreed to insure our ships against loss by reason of war.

Such have been the preparations for our part of the war. What, now, of the enemies which we must meet, and how are we to vanquish them?

When the Pinch Came

IN FINANCIAL affairs the enemy is always debt. In times of peace we make credit treaties with the enemy, but in times of war debts demand instant satisfaction. And that is what troubles us at this moment. "Debt" has broken the treaties and pounced upon us unawares, and, although we have retired behind our intrenchments by closing the stock exchanges and have sent out strong attacking parties by increasing our currency, we are terribly beset.

In the first place, rich old Europe, long the money changer of the world, holds some \$4,000,000,000 of our securities—a stupendous sum. In the panic which followed the outbreak of the war the panicky old gentlemen began to send over these securities and to demand payment for them in cash, in hard gold. We bought and began shipping gold at once—millions upon millions of it—and for a time we were very cocky about our ability to pay. For two days we stood the assaults of the whole world. But the plain fact was that our standing army of gold was only \$1,800,000,000—the greatest, it is true, in the world, but nothing at all when threatened by the attack of the Allies of Europe with their \$4,000,000,000 of our securities. These hordes would have overwhelmed us if we had not fortified instantly against the attack by closing the stock exchanges. No one can tell how long we shall have to remain beleaguered, or how hungry the garrison will become during the siege.

But this assault on the stock exchanges was not all. We can fortify against stocks and bonds by refusing to buy them. But there were other and more immediately pressing debts. We owe a large sum, perhaps \$100,000,000, for securities actually bought before the exchanges closed; we owe other millions on bills of exchange drawn by our bankers (as usual in the summer) on Europe against the crops which were to be shipped this fall, and we owe much money in Canada, loaned on call in our markets. These and other urgent obligations, such as the short-time loans made in Europe by the city of New York and now falling due, are rapidly being paid. But if we do give up our gold to Europe it weakens by so much our strength of resistance in our internal financing. Here are grave problems to be met, for in this war we are not only beleaguered from without but under fierce attack from within.

Just at the moment when Europe is clamoring loudest for gold, in payment of our debts to her, our own people are demanding money and credit as never before. Pause a moment and consider the situation: when the war broke out, it stopped instantly the shipments of vast quantities of our products—chiefly cotton, naval stores, manufactured products.

What Happened to Cotton

CONSIDER the case of cotton, for example, upon which depends the very life of the South. The land has given forth a good crop, probably in excess of 14,000,000 bales. Ordinarily this would be shipped promptly to the mills of America, England, Germany, and France. But the war stopped everything. Germany can buy no cotton at all, and England and France only a comparatively small amount, while our own mills refuse to purchase in large quantities in the hope that prices will drop. To add to the crop of 14,000,000 bales there are some 2,000,000 bales left over from last year; (Concluded on page 21)

The Belgian Nettle in the German Foot



During their numerous assaults upon the German line through Belgium, King Albert's troops not only inflicted serious losses in men, but crippled the Kaiser's commissariat considerably. This field kitchen is one of the prizes taken by the Belgians. Like the rest of the German equipment, it is complete in every detail.



The Belgians blew up the railroad bridge at Termonde to obstruct the advance of the Germans toward Antwerp. They also opened the dikes in the vicinity of the city and flooded a large section of country. Termonde has been the scene of almost continuous fighting for several weeks. The Germans captured it after a hard fight and destroyed nearly all of its 4,000 buildings. Later it was recaptured by the Belgians, who had to defend it anew against terrific German assaults.



THE GERMANS in the photograph above are examining a machine gun captured from the Russians in the struggle that resulted in the defeat of the Czar's forces near Allenstein, in East Prussia. The triumph of the Germans in the Allenstein district began with the capture of about 100,000 Russians. Then followed General Hindenberg's daring flanking movement, which drove General Rennenkampf's forces back across the border. As a clever piece of strategy Rennenkampf's withdrawal ranks with Joffre's famous retreat in France. The setback caused the Czar to send 1,000,000 fresh troops in time for many of them to take part in the great victory which the Russians claim to have won at Augustowo, September 29 to October 3



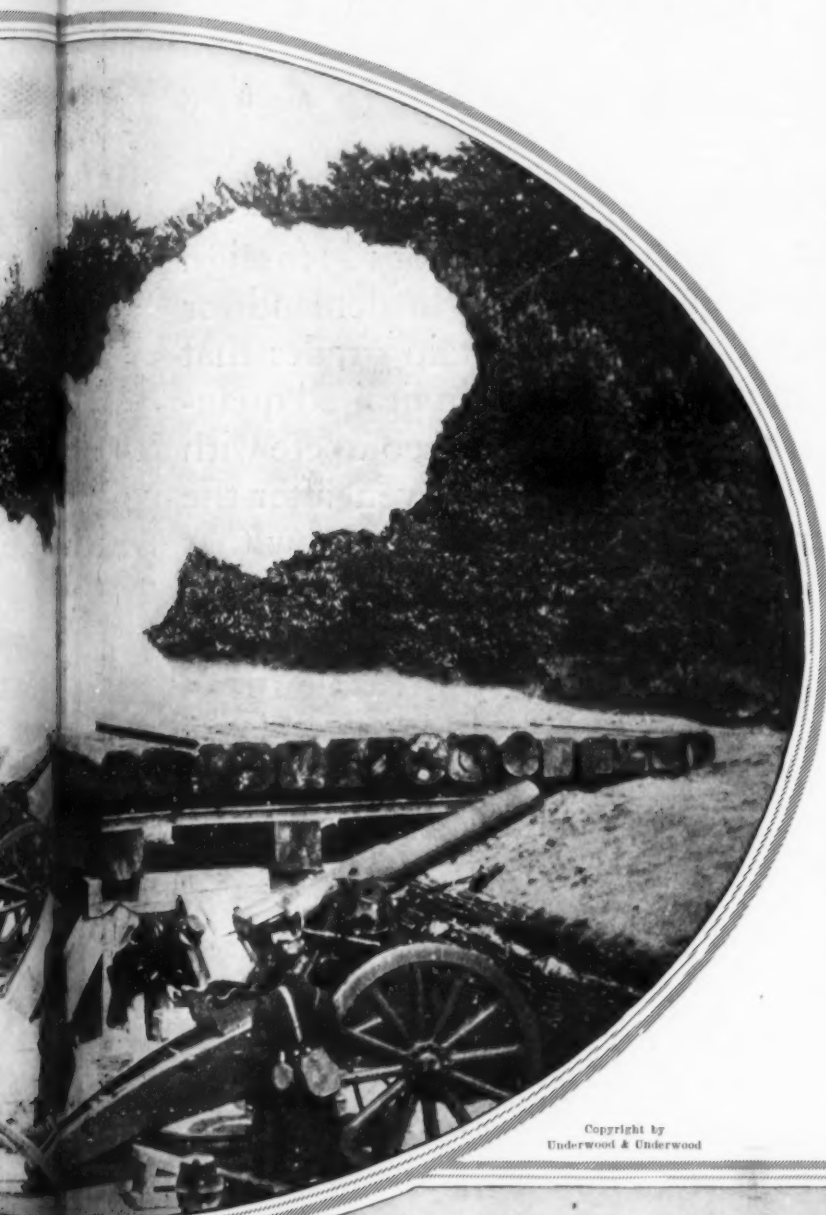
Prisoners Earning Their Keep

THE photograph just above does not necessarily refute all the stories of German cruelty to prisoners, but it is first-rate evidence that they do not subject all their prisoners to inhuman treatment. British prisoners captured in France are seen at work on a barracks in which they are to be confined, and apparently their German guard is an easy master. According to a Petrograd dispatch, the Russians have 200,000 Austrian and German prisoners at work in lumber camps and on farms, railroads, and public highways.

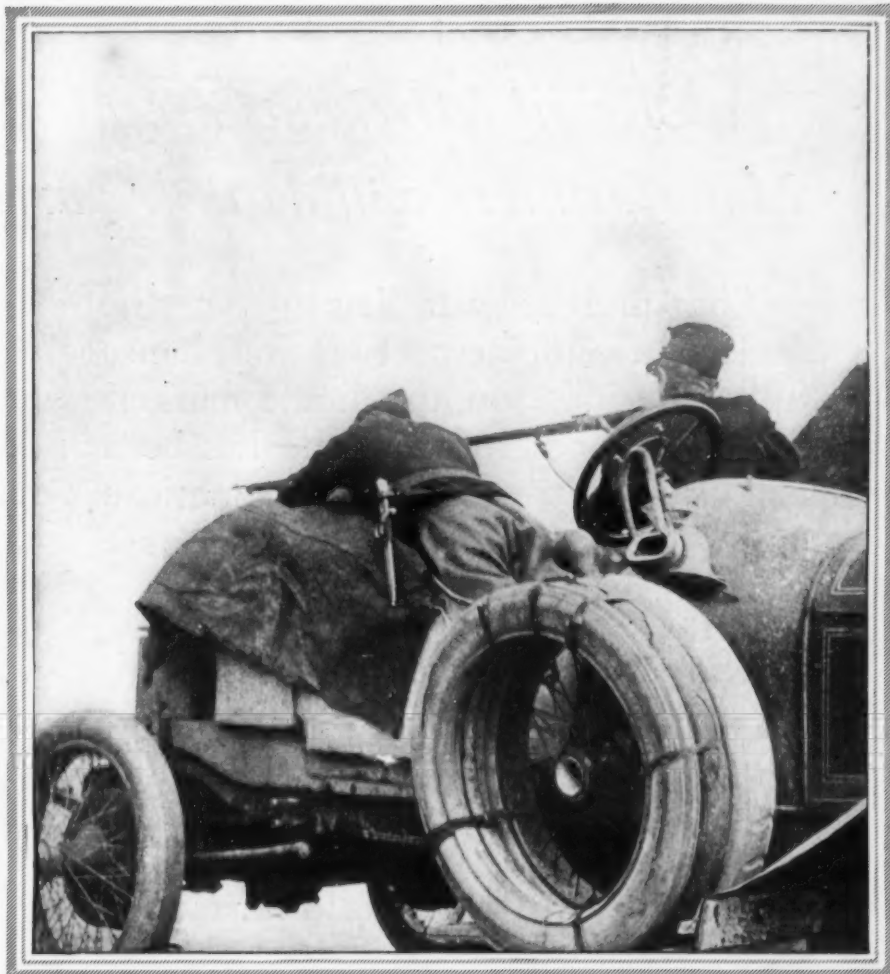


DUTY TO HIS MASTERS is everything to an army dog. He knows nothing about the issues at stake, and a hero medal is no more to him than a piece of metal. As aids to ambulance corps, dogs forget their instinctive fear of firearms and run errands where the firing is thickest.

Europe's Shower Bath of Iron



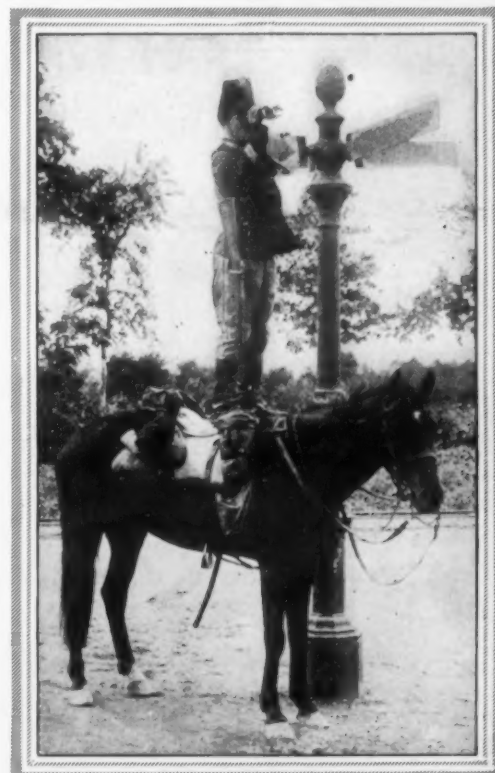
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THE BELGIAN RESISTANCE to the German bombardment of the Antwerp defenses early this month was very much like the defensive fighting at Liege and Namur. The German siege guns were much larger than the heaviest Belgian cannon, and the defenders had to depend upon their good marksmanship and their familiarity with the topography of the region. A photograph of a Belgian entrenched battery in action is reproduced in the oval at the left. Much of the effective scouting against the Germans in Belgium has been done by the Flying Corps, who travel in high-speed armored motor cars, one of which is shown in the snapshot above. Armored motor cars are being used extensively by all the armies in the European war



is no more than a nut from the axle of a broken-down wagon. He is perfectly satisfied with a little food every day and a little petting. When driven to machine guns, as in our snapshot, taken as a Belgian battery was hurrying to the front, they are equally faithful



The Last Patrol to Retreat

WHEN an army is falling back, some of the patrols with horses whose speed can be relied upon are left to watch the movements of the approaching enemy. As soon as the foe comes within rifle range, the patrols gallop off to inform their commanders. Frequently the work of these men is as risky as that of cavalrymen in a frontal attack. In our photograph a Belgian patrol is seen standing on the back of his trusted horse and watching the advance of the Germans in one of the numerous assaults upon the defenders of Antwerp.

GIVING THE AMERICAN LABEL ITS DUE

Retail Merchants are Alert to their Opportunities

Manufacturers will do their part—Consumers must do theirs

The present war has given the American manufacturer his first chance fully to realize on the home markets for those lines in which he has been handicapped by a persistent American prejudice in favor of imported goods—merely because they were imported.

The American retailer is doing his part toward making the American label supreme in America. Many of the largest retailers already have begun to stimulate manufacturers in the production of goods that hitherto have been secured abroad.

Buyers for several of the largest stores in the country held consultations with manufacturers within a week after the war started, giving them designs, suggestions, and substantial assurance of continued support.

This is being done for the sake of 1915. Practically all of the big stores have supplies for the balance of this year, but face the problem of adequate stocks for the year ahead.

There will be no supply from abroad—at least not a sufficient one—even if articles of peace are signed at once. The blow to European production has been too severe for immediate recovery.

The retailer must have a dependable source of supply at home. No merchant wants to buy at a distance if he can help it—it is too expensive and inconvenient. But formerly he could not avoid it. In many cases he had to get things in Europe in pursuance of the ordinary policy of giving customers the utmost for their money.

The American manufacturer—because of the bias in favor of the foreign label—found such a slight demand for domestic goods in certain grades that he could produce only in limited quantities, hence he could not compete with the Europeans in price, even after the latter paid a heavy duty. But now that his market is assured, he will make these goods in such quantities that the prices will be right. This will result in an enormous reduction in the number of things for which we have to send to Europe. American business will become independent.

The great body of American retailers are having thrust upon them, with tremendous emphasis, the fact that it is safe to build a business on American goods, while it is exceedingly dangerous to base trade on the demand for a foreign label.

This new and general enthusiasm of American merchants for American goods, founded at first on self-interest, will resolve itself into a conscious business patriotism. When the war is over they will continue—in so far as possible—to keep their stocks thoroughly American, because they know that every dollar spent for home goods goes to the support of home folks.

THE AMERICAN MANUFACTURER
AND MERCHANT ARE HELPLESS WITH-
OUT YOU, THE AMERICAN CONSUMER.
THE COUNTRY'S FUTURE IS IN YOUR
HANDS. TAKE YOUR PATRIOTISM
INTO THE SHOPS WITH YOU AND
SEE THAT THE GOODS YOU BUY ARE
MADE IN AMERICA

E. L. Patterson

Vice-President and General Manager
P. F. Collier & Son, Inc.

Elgin
Wonder
Tales

A Story of Extremes—and a Burning City

A UNITED STATES Navy officer's Elgin Watch—a season in the Behring Sea—a year in the harbor of Panama—service on both oceans—crashed on steel deck of ship off South America—marked time while San Francisco burned and owner took part in military occupation of city—carried in all latitudes and altitudes—subjected to temperature variations of 100 degrees in 24 hours—now in Orient, where watch remains faithful.

Such is the condensed record of a single, medium priced

ELGIN Watch

bought from the regular stock of an Elginer in Tennessee—a striking illustration of Elgin stability, in both men's and women's watches.

Ask your local jeweler—an Elginer—to show you Elgin models. Booklet sent on request.

ELGIN NATIONAL
WATCH COMPANY
Elgin, Illinois



LORD
ELGIN
The Master-
watch—ex-
tremely thin
and artistic.

Priced at
\$13.50 to
\$85.

Rewards of Business Courage

(Concluded from page 16)

In short, the vast amount of 16,000,000 bales, to be sold in a restricted market. Think what this means to thousands of cotton growers in the South! They must live, and they must be able to plant their crops again next spring. It is estimated that at least one-quarter of the cotton cannot be sold, or about 4,000,000 bales. The financial system of America must provide the money and the credit to hold this surplus, to keep the South going. Here is work indeed, not only for the generals at Washington, but for the general staff throughout the country—downright serious business.

But cotton is only one example of a more or less general situation. To a lesser degree our surplus tobacco, naval stores, oil, and other products will have to be carried—and money and credit supplied—while the old markets are closed or new ones opened. This is one of the very great battles, along the whole line of industry, which must be fought.

Nor is this all. Markets for many of our manufactured products have also been closed or restricted. Typewriters, shoes, steel products—a thousand and one things made in this country and sold largely in Europe are affected. The results of this hampered trade will perhaps be less immediate but none the less serious. Whenever a factory closes down, it must have credit, and when men are thrown out of work their purchasing power not only decreases, but they must also have credit. They must live. If we can get more ships, we can help out our situation by sending some of our surplus products to South America and Asia.

Patience Above All

BUT this solution looks easier than it really is. Both South America and Asia are poor. When they buy they want long credits. Germany and England have succeeded in South America where we have failed, chiefly because they could give long credits. The Germans, especially, have organized banks in South America to manage those credits. People who see an easy solution of our difficulties in transferring our shipments of goods from Europe to South America and to Asia do not appreciate the vast difference in the trade. When we sold to Europe we got cash or its equivalent; but when we sell to South America and Asia we must wait for our money. And the difficulty at this time, when everyone is demanding money and credit, is to wait—and give more credit. There is no possible doubt that we shall develop a vast new business in South America and Asia, but it cannot be done overnight. It will require time, and a kind of financial patience which we Americans have not yet learned to practice.

So much for the general situation. It would be folly for the nation not to realize that for some months—dependent a great deal, of course, upon the length and desperation of the European war—there is going to be a tremendous strain upon our national system of credits. The nation is as sound as ever it was, the assets are all there; but for a time, until we can develop new openings for commerce

and adjust ourselves to world changes, we must expect to face a severe strain.

Fortunately the country was in prime condition when the war broke out. Crops were of the best, wheat the largest in our history; people were generally prosperous; we had an enormous reserve of gold to back our currency, and finally, in some ways most important of all, we had a President at Washington whom the people as a whole have learned to trust. Mr. Wilson has again proved himself a sane, cool-headed, far-sighted leader. His capacity for meeting emergencies has been admirable. And it is fortunate beyond measure for us that his policies have kept us out of a war in Mexico, which at this juncture would have been unspeakably disastrous.

Everyone Will Be Hit

LET no mistake be made. Every citizen in America is going to feel the strain of this crisis. Incomes will be disturbed, while living cost and taxes will go up. War is expensive, however we look at it. But the private in the great American army must meet the situation with the same courage, energy, and faith that have been manifested by the leaders. We are an unduly extravagant people; and the lesson of the hour is economy, to add as little as possible to the heavy burden of credit which the country is now called upon to bear. Let us go ahead calmly with our jobs. Let us save every dollar we can against the day of investment opportunity just ahead of us. This is best for the individual and for the country as a whole, as we will have no financial help from Europe for years to come—and great development work will need every dollar that can be saved.

In the meantime there was never such an opportunity in all our history for the expression of originality and energy. This crisis is the supreme test of our courage and intelligence as a nation. Whole new fields are open to us on every hand. Have we the pioneers to develop them? Not only are there commercial openings in Asia and South America, but in almost every industrial line new chances are appearing. Many of our factories, for example, are affected by the inability to get chemicals and dyestuffs manufactured in Germany. Why should we not make our own chemicals and dyestuffs? Why should we not develop our manganese ore deposits, for the lack of which our steel trade is now suffering? Why not manufacture more of our cotton at home? These are only a few among many openings for originality, genius, youth.

The Badge of Courage

IN the panic of 1907 those business men succeeded best who went forward with their work, with faith in the country, kept their plants going, their men working, their salesmen traveling. I could name several instances of large concerns which found themselves at the close of the panic far in advance of their competitors, because they had had courage and their rivals had been afraid. It will be the same in the present crisis.

How Fear Came to Paris

(Continued from page 6)

the whisper ran all over the city in an hour. The Germans over Paris! Good God, what next?

And so, at last, that Sunday, for the first time, fear came into Paris. The whole city lay naked and exposed to Prussian bombs. No one was safe!

Was it indeed fear? Perhaps not; though, you must remember, Paris is now a city of women and old men. But if it were fear, it lasted scarcely a day. And it was dissipated, as much as anything, by a single sergeant de ville. For that man there should be a cross of the Legion of Honor.

Three bombs were dropped by the first Taube aeroplane, all in the vicinity of the Gare de l'Est, and all, happily, without doing much damage. Concerning the first, which fell and exploded in the Rue des Vinaigriers, this policeman noted in his book as follows: "With regard to a violation of the law forbidding the deposit of garbage on the public ways, by an unknown aviator flying over the city of Paris, in express violation of the prohibition of the Military Governor, I have the honor of reporting as follows—"

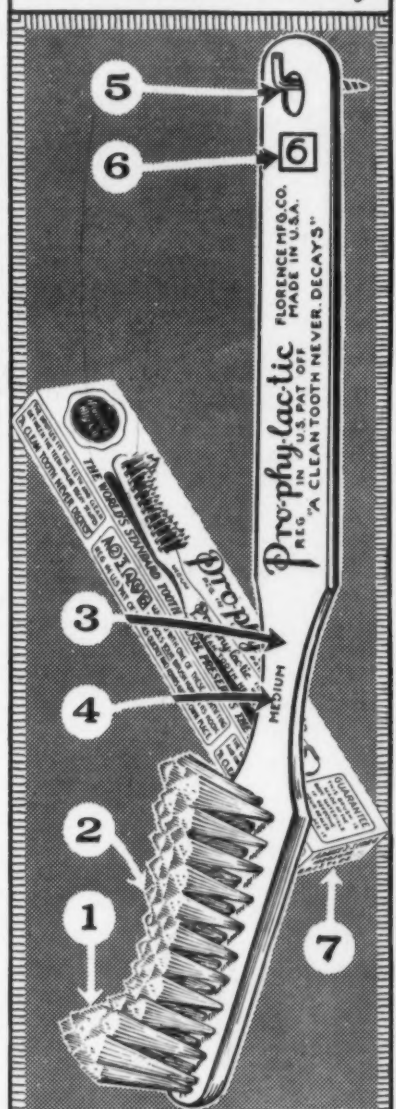
It was this exquisite report, copied next day in every Paris paper, that gave us our first hearty laugh. It relaxed the tension of dread. Garbage, indeed, in the opinion of all Paris, was the impertinent German pennant, and the note of braggadocio (summoning the city to surrender) that was dropped by Lieutenant von Heidesen.

Toward four o'clock next day, Monday, another Taube appeared on the horizon. We were all excited enough about it, but there was certainly no panic.

I was at a bookstall on one of the quays on the left bank when that speck appeared in the sky, to the westward, over the towers of Notre Dame. On every corner groups of persons had been questioning the heavens for an hour. So, when the first pointing umbrella went up, I looked and saw. Calm and peaceful enough it seemed as it floated slowly toward us; but in its slow, deliberate, onward flight there was something sinister. But for the most of those who watched it, I believe, it was a mere circus performance. Was it coming our way? Was it? The touch of

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"A Clean Tooth Never Decays"



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Because the seven features illustrated above were originated by the Pro-phy-lac-tic. And the attempt of imitators to copy them, proves that no tooth brush can claim really to clean the teeth unless it appears to be made like the Pro-phy-lac-tic.

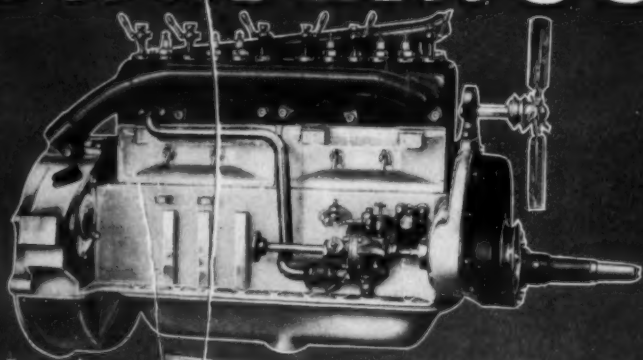
- 1 The big end tuft—that goes where a tooth brush ought to go—even to the backs of the back teeth.
- 2 Serrated bristle tufts arranged to fit the shape of the jaw—known as the Pro-phy-lac-tic Shape—the big step in advance in tooth brush manufacture.
- 3 The curved handle with beveled and tapered head which enables the brush to get behind all the teeth.
- 4 Dependable markings of bristles as hard, medium, soft—so you may absolutely rely on the kind you like.
- 5 The hole in the handle and the hook on which to hang the brush.
- 6 The use of symbols to mark individual brushes so that each person may always recognize his own brush.
- 7 The sanitary yellow box that brings your tooth brush clean, untouched by any hand since it left our sanitary factory. This big step in advance, like the others, was originated by the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.

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Teeth this
Way

Not
This
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One hundred and twenty-eight thousand miles—five times around the world! Such is the pledge of mechanical security in Continental Motors.

Yet—when a repair part or a service is needed—next year or ten years from now, back of the maker of the vehicle and back of all change in the industry will still be the Continental Motor Mfg. Co., a sure and reliable source of supplies, an insurance of uninterrupted use.

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Make sure of the future—insure yourself with one of these Continental-equipped cars or trucks.



Continental Motor Mfg. Co.
Largest exclusive motor builders in the world
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danger but made the spectacle more interesting. *Boum!* I heard a distant explosion. Then another, another. *Boum! Boum!* Were they bombs? No, I found out afterward that it was the cannonading from the Bank of France, directed at another avion hovering over the Gare St. Lazare. The one I saw dropped a pennant and a ridiculous letter describing imaginary German victories. It fell into the Square of the Innocents and was immediately torn to pieces by the contemptuous crowd. Paris was disgusted, scornful, resentful, but not for a moment now afraid.

Peppering the Sky

TWO appeared that Tuesday, one making for the Bourse, leaving its card near the Crédit Lyonnais, the other evidently trying to attack the Gare du Nord. They were fired at from the Eiffel Tower, from the roofs of innumerable houses, and by the marines. Two excitable French officers even emptied their revolvers at it from a café on the Boulevard des Capucines.

For the French evidently have an idea that bullets go up and never come down, or, if they do, with no effect. They did come down, though, and killed a man or two; but that didn't matter so much so long as the bullets that did it were French. "Shall we open the hunting season this year?" the papers have been discussing. Well, it was opened with *éclat* in Paris that week.

One woman had already been mortally injured by a Prussian bomb and two children wounded; that was the extent of the casualties inflicted by the aeroplanes. For the most part their bombs failed to explode, or fell where they did little harm. The insignificance of the damage gave Paris courage, but, all the same, its indignation was great. The thing was outrageous. Of course we were not surprised at the Germans violating the laws of civilized warfare and attacking noncombatants—we were well used to that by this time. What aroused our ire was the lack, apparently, of any attempt at defense. Where were the famous French aviators so renowned for their skill and daring? Was Paris to submit calmly to the infliction of this pest every day at five o'clock without let or hindrance? Why, the Germans came and did anything they liked with us—the sky was free as air!

The Enemy Entertains Punctually

THE fourth day came—Wednesday, August 2. Paris awaited its usual entertainment. On the top of Montmartre chairs and benches were rented for the show. Opera glasses and telescopes were on hire. So they were in the Place de l'Opéra and on every bridge along the Seine. In the Gardens of the Luxembourg there was a crowd round the little round lake—the boys weren't sailing boats to-day—squinting at the sky. "Voilà! Voilà!" the little boys cried out and pointed—but it was a joke to see the old gentlemen and timid women craning their necks for nothing. *Bang!* Everyone jumped nervously. Only a smash on the tramway on the "Boul San Miche."

Up came the Taube, punctual as an Englishman's afternoon tea. Slowly it sailed toward the west, every eye in Paris watching its heavy flight. Over the Eiffel Tower it circled. Ah, it's going to try and destroy the wireless apparatus! Shots cracked in the distance, then an explosion. Was it a bomb or the artillery on the Champ de Mars? Suddenly there was a cry that ran all over the Gardens. "It's on fire!" Men threw up their hats gleefully, women yelled and swore with joy.

Surely the avion was flaming. "It's hit!" the crowd exulted. There was a blinding, golden light that surely could be nothing but blazing gasoline. But—but why no smoke? For a minute that crowd stood breathless, and then the machine grew black again. Was it dropping? Ah, no! Calmly it sailed southward, toward Montparnasse. Silently, now, we followed its flight, waiting to hear a bomb.

Now it turned again. A few minutes more the crowd stared, and then another shout arose. It was coming our way! Yes, straight for us!

Poor, Nervous Paris

LIKE chickens at sight of a hawk, the crowd began to scatter. Women with their camp stools and embroidery, children with balls and rackets, men with their newspapers, girls, boys, and foreigners, walked faster and faster, more

and more alarmed, then all broke into a run. The whole crowd ran this way, that way, everywhere, like ants, scampering some right, some left, but most like hens in front of an automobile, right ahead in the dangerous line of flight.

Fascinated, I had stayed too long. It was too late to escape now anyway. The Taube, like a great bird, curved wings and forked tail, was directly over my head. *Bang, bang, crack, crack, crack, pat-tat-tat-tat-tat-bang!* The guns went off like Fourth of July firecrackers in a barrel. Everybody was firing—the Republican Guard at the Luxembourg, the marines at the Metro Subway station, from a dozen housetops. Then at last I began to run, too. I would take my chance with a Prussian bomb, but when a thousand excitable Frenchmen began to pepper the sky, me for the tall timber! Alas, I couldn't find anything tall enough or wide enough—in fact, no shelter of any kind. The air was now blackening with smoke, north, south, east, and west. 'Flocks of sparrows and pigeons were whirling out of the trees in all directions. Every minute I expected a rain of lead to fall. Where all the balls went I have no idea—but I escaped, and at last ventured rather shamefacedly forth from the slender protection of my skinny chestnut tree. Half an hour after the Taube had retired, up rose two smart French *Blériots* like chevalliers in the lists of the sky, and swaggered off after the intruder—too late.

Fooling the Crowd

THREE Taubes appeared over Paris that day, but no great harm was done. On Montmartre the vendors of sirop and coco kept right on selling their drinks to the crowd at the great open-air theatre which had the whole city of Paris for its back drop. The couriers from Berlin, one might almost say, were applauded when they entered the scene. Such was the "reign of terror" which the Wolff Agency created for the German papers. Before the third experience the exploits of the Taubes had become ridiculous without ceasing to be barbarous.

On the fifth day Paris, with no balls, concerts, or theatres to divert it now, prepared for the daily farce in the heavens. Four o'clock came, but no Taube. Half past four—five, and still we waited. "Lord, why doesn't it come? My neck aches!" I heard one girl say. At last we saw something in the west, an unusual direction. Ah! We settled back for our usual thrill. But the machine flew faster than usual; it seemed more light and graceful than the placid heavy birds of prey we knew. There was a buzz of talk about me that I couldn't understand. What were they saying?

A fat man in shirt sleeves ran out of a café with a pair of field glasses in one hand and a tumbler half full of beer in the other. A girl in a green hat snatched the bifocals from him, tipped back her head, pointed them at the sky, squinted. "Aw, take them!" she said, handing back the glasses disgustedly. "It's only a French one!"

Real Work for Aeroplanes

WELL, where were the French avions all this time, when they should have been guarding the city? If Paris had realized what they were about it would perhaps have been willing to let the Taubes fly over its head every day. The papers say little about our aviators. A duel in the air occasionally, or some such spectacular feat—but nothing of the hard work, the invaluable work, the flying machines are doing.

Perhaps you have wondered why no more great battles were fought—though, indeed, the engagements in August would in any previous war have been accounted of the first class—why the news did not come in more frequently of solid, heavy fighting. It was not only because of the masterly retreat of the Allies holding back two million of the enemy; it was the information that made that strategy possible. It was the French aeroplanes that caused the constant shifting of heavy masses of troops.

Some Spectacular Stunts

NOW, from every battle field come reports of German machines hovering constantly over the fight, dropping bombs or signaling to their artillery. The French were no such fools. Their aviators saw little of the battle—they were all behind the enemy's lines, out of gunshot, after the news. They discovered changes of position, reinforcements, supply trains. All over Belgium they went, corroborating the rumor of

the withdrawal of German army corps. They explored Germany, watched railway lines, nosing their way through the clouds, until every bunch of troops were located, every movement reported. Pégoud, it is said, went almost to Berlin. Over Brussels one aviator scattered printed slips of information and hope, and then looped the loop just out of reach of the German artillery. Occasionally they did, however, participate in the fighting. Tales are told of actual charges on German cavalry by daredevil aviators who swooped down to within twenty feet of the ground, stampeding horses by the hundreds at the critical moment.

During the last weeks of August the thrills came faster and faster. The Germans were at Cambrai—they were at San Quentin—at Compiègne—nearer and nearer every day, till at last Paris woke up to find most of its northern railway lines severed. Further south the Prussians came, and the rush from Paris began. Paris was actually in danger! All the old tales of the siege of 1870 were dragged out of the past and new horrors predicted. We looked forward to eating dogs and cats and the elephants in the Paris Zoo.

Statistics show that there are about 650 babies born every week in Paris and its suburbs, and during the siege of 1870 almost 80 per cent of the infants under one year old died because of the lack of milk. There were two terrible weeks for the mothers, this August, in Paris, and all who could got away to the country. No Seine boats for them with a trip to the ocean, and no American warships—they went where they could.

Facing the Grim Facts

NEXT, the capital itself fled, and the Government hid in Bordeaux; President and Mint and Ministry, as well as numberless deputies with cold feet, although the Chamber is not there in session. A few presidents of Red Cross hospitals escaped in Red Cross automobiles—to safety. "Le Temps," with many excuses, vanished, losing many subscribers and much prestige, and the London "Daily Mail" is also numbered among the missing. But, meanwhile, those who did stay went to work in a hurry.

Why wasn't Paris already prepared for a siege? Well, New York doesn't expect one, does it? No more, really, did Paris. Didn't it have its circling chain of forts and batteries? We all thought it the strongest entrenched camp in the world. Nevertheless, the Sunday strollers on the fortifications grew nervous. Why were trees felled, ditches cut, and barricades being built at every gate in the walls? Did you live within the zone of the forts—near Mont Valérien or St. Denis or Montigny or Vaujours—you were informed that within four days your house, shop, or inn must be emptied and destroyed. If not, it was blown up. There was one day when, at noon, we heard rumbling in the north. Was it the demolishing of these houses, or a thunder storm, or the Prussians? We never really knew.

Adoring the Heroes

I WAS finishing my coffee one night last week when a friend came in with his eyes shining. "Get on your hat!" he said. "They're here. Coming down the Boul Mich'!" We raced out together, all the women of the pension after us.

No bands of music; no police roping off the streets and keeping back the crowds; no proud, erect company's front across the street with captains saluting the upper windows. Just a long line of Zouaves, marching, walking rather, with broken step, four abreast, down the long lane of the crowds that hemmed them in.

This was really the first sight Paris had yet had of soldiers since the war broke out. The mobilized men had left the city in their old clothes, and had gone to their casernes for their uniforms and guns. What troops had come from outer France had made their way by train without passing through the city. Can you imagine, then, how Paris, under the strain of the steady German advance, welcomed the "Turcos"? The Prussians were, so to speak, on our five-yard line, and any day they might score a touchdown at the forts—demolish one or two, and slide past for a goal—the entry into Paris.

No wonder the girls went wild! For these were soldiers, fast enough! Soldiers, they were professional fighters—fighting was not with them the work of a season or a campaign—it was a life career. Mohammedan all, their way to

Paradise led through death on the field of battle.

Hustled by the mob, dejected—thinking, I suppose, of her own boy at the front fighting for a week without sleep, or wounded—a little old woman was crying silently into her handkerchief. A big Arab caught sight of her and threw the spectators to one side. In another moment his big arm was about her and he was stooping; he was kissing her on the cheek. "Don't cry, mamma," he said. "Don't cry! I'll bring you back the head of the Emperor William!" I saw one well-dressed lady nervously handing out franc pieces to the soldiers till she had emptied her bag. She finished it and stood smiling happily. Frenchmen, all neat, tight troused, with waxed mustaches, were surrounded by the girls.

Getting the Point

FROM eight in the evening until one o'clock next morning the troops kept coming, coming, coming—infantry, artillery, cavalry; 28,000 of them, with baggage wagons scrawled all over by the soldiers—"Emperor William's Hearse!" and "Death to the Boschs!"

The Germans were within thirty miles of Paris now, and there seemed to be no hope whatever of escaping a fight outside the line of forts. Escape from it? Why, of a sudden we woke up to a realization of what was happening. Wasn't that just exactly what Joffre wanted? Why else was he retreating and fighting, fighting and retreating, opening out to right and left, leaving the way clear to Paris? He was harassing the enemy on either flank, forcing it in our direction. Lord, he was driving them upon the forts! Of course! What better plan, desperate though it was, could be conceived against that heavy flood. Driving it upon the spikes—against the terrible long-range heavy guns of the northern zone of forts, where we could batter them to smithereens. There he would attack them on either flank, and then—the débâcle. It was either kill or cure. We breathed freer. It was a trick, then. The work on the fortifications, upon the revictualment of the city, the storing up of ammunition, became perfunctory. Paris cleared her decks for action.

Paris Hides Its Treasures

LAST Thursday I was coming home from an early walk when, along the Rue Vaugirard, I saw a low dray with little wheels coming my way. There was something white loaded on it, and it looked somehow familiar. Why, what d'you think! It was the statue of the Infant Bacchus playing with the baby bears—tickling the cubs with a straw—now in the open air and sunshine! For all the world, it was like a "float" in a carnival procession. But who were these bowed-over old men in black blouses who appeared in procession, trudging along the sidewalk? One bore a bronze bust, four behind him carried, stretchwise, a painting of a spirited lady in a Gainsborough hat. After that came bearers of more paintings and statuettes. By the time I reached the gates of the Museum of the Luxembourg I saw what it all meant. Huge vans were backed up at the doors. The treasures were being removed to some secret place of safety, out of the way of fire from German bombs.

At the Louvre, also, the chambers now are almost bare. The Venus of Milo is safe below ground in a fireproof vault, and the cellars are packed with works of art, covered with straw and gunny sacks, with every window barricaded with bags of sand. There they are safe—unless the Prussians actually enter the city. Paris is ready for them, though it is ready for anything, now; ready to fight to the end.

France Loves Its Defenders

YOU have hard work getting a taxi, or a fiacre, nowadays. Plenty of them, but crowded with trunks and handboxes and dogs and children. It's not uncommon to see a whole family and a brace of hens to boot jammed into a one-horse carriage, coming from the Gare du Nord. They are the refugees from the provinces in the line of march of the Germans, fleeing before destruction.

"Have a bottle of champagne! Have a cigar! Do you need any money?" That's what the English Tommies and the Belgian privates hear when they sit down to a café. Even the "Turcos" are petted and feasted. A military auto drives up, covered with mud at an inn at St. Denis, and two soldiers, pretty



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A new, oil-base, washable wall finish, the only one of its kind. Not a paint; nothing like calcimine. LIQUID VELVET is unique, alone in the field.

Other makers, seeking the same results, lacked the patience necessary.

The O'Brien Varnish Company had the manufacturing facilities and the patience. We were willing to take the time—almost 40 years—needed to develop LIQUID VELVET.

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Another wonderful feature of LIQUID VELVET is the fact that it *can be washed*.

A sponge and a pail of water will keep it fresh and clean indefinitely. No danger of marring its original beauty.

Think of the economy this affords, the decorating bills it saves, the exquisite cleanliness it allows.

No need to redecorate any LIQUID VELVET wall until you wish to change the color. No

cracking, no chipping or marring, no peeling or discoloration.

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is the finish for floors and wood-work that lives up, in beauty and durability, to walls treated with LIQUID VELVET.

Absolutely water-proof and mar-proof. Even *boiling water* will not affect the gloss; floors won't get shabby after a little wear. We have a descriptive book which we will gladly send to every interested person.

Can of Flexico Enamel Free In White or Colors

Every person who sends for our LIQUID VELVET or MASTER VARNISH books will receive a trial can of *Flexico Enamel*, containing enough to finish some little thing—a picture frame, for instance. Mention the color you would like—and enclose six cents in stamps to pay for postage and packing. It will come with the books by return mail. Address

THE O'BRIEN VARNISH COMPANY
3810 Johnson Street South Bend, Indiana

Railway Exchange Building, St. Louis. The largest mercantile and office building in the world.



Mauran, Russell & Crowell, architects. 5,000 window frames made of Armco Iron by J. F. Ruth, of St. Louis.

These 5,000 Window Frames Were Made of Armco Pure Iron Because

ARMCO IRON Resists Rust

Before placing this big order the architects made exhaustive tests to prove the rust-resisting quality of Armco—American Ingot Iron. They knew that a metal that would resist rust and corrosion would cut out big up-keep costs. Armco Iron, because of its unequalled purity and evenness, was found to be that metal.

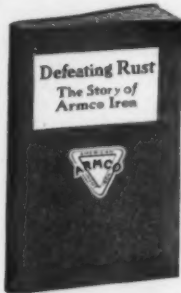
Armco Iron has stood the test of years, not only in our laboratory, but in actual use. Armco—American Ingot Iron—has withstood, far better than steel or any other iron, salt air and salt water, the fumes of brimstone and all kinds and conditions of weather.

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Armco Iron lath resists rust. It is being used in some of the largest buildings of the country, such as the Woolworth Building in New York. Armco lath, either in the Herringbone pattern as made by the General Fireproofing Co., or the Imperial Spiral Lath and several other styles made in our factory, results in better, more lasting plaster work.

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Licensed Manufacturers under Patents granted International Metal Products Company
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Architects, builders, contractors, investors and all who are interested not only in building more economically but in reducing the cost of maintaining their buildings, should write for this book—“DEFENDING RUST,” the Story of Armco Iron.



The trade mark ARMCO carries the assurance that iron bearing that mark is manufactured by The American Rolling Mill Company with the skill, intelligence and fidelity associated with its products, and hence can be depended upon to possess in the highest degree the merit claimed for it.

Armco Iron is most serviceable for:

Roofing Refrigerators Culverts
Smokestacks Gasoline Tanks Silos
Terns Plate Window Frames
Stores and Furnaces
Engineering Material Water Tanks
Railroad Cars
Advertising Signs Wire Fencing
Flumes Metal Lath
Iron Boiler Tubes Conductor Pipes

tired and pretty dirty, get out to stretch their legs before going on to headquarters. “I’m a poor man,” says the old waiter, “but damned if I’ll take any money for your drinks!” he exclaims. Why do the women come to the shop doors at the clatter of trotting hoofs? Why do their anxious, suffering faces relax into smiles? Englishmen! “Voilà, les Anglais!” A Briton is as much a god as if he were in the heart of Africa. But, as for the Belgians—well, the Belgians are nearer than gods, they are brothers! On the terraces of cafés along the Grand Boulevards the old aristocrats are already talking of a new king of France—Who is the new pretender? Don’t laugh, it’s Albert the First, King of Belgium.

For three days the city had no news—only the vaguest of statements from the General Staff, “the condition remains the same,” or words as bare, and Paris held its breath. The third night came a thunderstorm. Oh, that drenching rain, those volleys of artillery! Every woman in Paris shuddered. Weren’t their sons, their husbands, their brothers out in that rain—hearing, no doubt, a roll of thunder; or, oh God, sounds much more horrible? And then—Paris could scarcely believe it, it wouldn’t for a week believe it—the great German flood instead of beating up against the bristling walls of

the forts, swerved, and swept away to the southeast. Paris—for the time at least—was saved. It was no longer the target of the war.

Paris is a different place. No lights on the bridges across the Seine (for fear they may indicate the position of the Tower too easily to nocturnal birds of prey) and one gets new beauties from the moonlight along the river, unspooled by the electric lamps. Fewer lights on the streets, too—the great Arc de Triomphe de l’Etoile bulks up in great architectural masses with a new dignity under the moon—the bas-reliefs so much more powerful than under the diffused lights of many lamps.

The flags of Paris! The hundreds of thousand cotton flags that now are drooping, limp, and soiled, and faded! But the tricolor still flies from every house, and within the year may it wave, fresh and bright, over Alsace. But meanwhile a new tricolor has appeared in Paris streets, and Paris has welcomed it as a friend. Now, for the first time, in view of a possible occupation of the city, the resident American citizens are authorized to hang outside their apartments the star-spangled banner. And now to every American in Paris there is a double meaning to his words when he cries: “Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue!”

The Czar's Fighting Men

(Concluded from page 13)

a farm at Bielsky. He found there two dead women, killed by the Germans' own shells, and a live child. The farm out-house was burning. Michail sat with the child and began calling it ‘My pigeon, my swallow; give me a kiss!’ but the child said nothing. Then Michail took a straw in his mouth and began twirling it round to amuse the infant. Next evening Michail was ill. His tongue swelled up, and the surgeon, Dr. Janulisheff, said he had blood poisoning. This was because the sharp end of the straw had entered his tongue. Our men thought it was the plague. The Germans must have poisoned the straw, thinking our men would sleep on it.

“On the fourth day Michail died. I wonder what Consistorial Secretary Janulisheff will say?”

These letters give some notion of the war psychology of the better type of muzhik soldier. Such letters could not be written by Germans, Frenchmen, or Englishmen. They would not be as crude, as bloodthirsty; as human, as merciful. The typical *Riadovoi* Ivan Ivanovich Ivanoff is still an unspoiled child—curious, credulous, cunning, simple, savage, kindly. These are the qualities of the natural, the unsophisticated Russians; and they appear abundantly in letters smuggled from the front and picked up by the victors in blood-soaked trenches.

The All-Star Team

(Continued from page 7)

blind. McInnis, Saier, Jack Miller, and Jake Daubert were the leading first basemen, but McInnis had an edge on the rest. Jake Daubert was a close second, batting brilliantly and fielding well.

Collins at second base was the star ball player of the year. He batted consistently around .350. He drove in more runs than any other man. He scored more himself than any other from either league. He stole about sixty bases—and at second played a brilliant, aggressive, heady game from April to October. Collins hasn't a rival. Evers was of great value to the Braves—but the Trojan isn't a Collins.

There is no question but that Frank Baker still reigns supreme at third. Baker batted around .340, drove in run after run, hit all pitchers alike and fielded steadily. There was a great scarcity of good third basemen—but it would have taken a star to have driven Baker from the all-star job.

At Short

THE main infield argument is centered at shortstop. Jack Barry played fine ball. So did Scott of the Red Sox, who also batted .300. But the season's sensation was Walter Maranville of the Braves. Maranville played one of the greatest infield games ever seen. He outbatted Barry by twenty-five points. He broke all double-play records—figuring in ninety, of which he alone started sixty. Working with Evers he proved to be one of the most brilliant infielders ever seen. “Maranville is the greatest infielder I ever saw,” was the tribute umpire Bill Klem paid him at the close of the race. “He made more impossible plays than any two men in the game.”

The Brave midget may be shy Jack Barry's greater experience and inside work, but he more than makes up for this in his dash and his amazing ability at covering ground and making plays from every known angle.

The Outfield

NO one has yet come forward to drive Ty Cobb and Tris Speaker from any all-star outfield of the game. Cobb

was out of harness for part of the season, but he worked in over ninety games, and while in action showed again that there was only one Ty. On the 31st of August Cobb was fourth in batting, with an average of .344. Collins had .350, Jackson .352, and Hoblitzel .353. It seemed for a brief bit that the Georgia Ghost, after leading his league seven years at bat, was to be hauled down at last. But on the 15th of September, two weeks later, Cobb was batting .380, thirty points beyond his closest rival. He literally tore his way through all opposition, swept his rivals back, and left them so far in the rear that what promised to be a great batting contest turned out to be a farce.

Speaker had another Speaker year. The Red Sox star batted over .330, fielded with all his usual brilliancy, and did fine work around the bases.

Joe Jackson, holder of the all-star outfield job with Cobb and Speaker, was not so fortunate. In our opinion George Burns of the Giants did better work than the Cleveland slugger. Jackson outbatted Burns, but there all comparison in favor of the Carolina Krupp gun ends. Jackson stole only twenty-five bases. Burns led the National League with over sixty steals. Jackson scored less than seventy runs. Burns scored over one hundred. Burns led his league in stolen bases and in runs scored. He was next to Collins in both circuits. In addition to this he proved to be a brilliant outfielder with a wonderful range and a wonderful arm. He was the most valuable outfielder in his league, with Connelly of Boston close behind, but not quite up to Burns's equal in all-around work. Sam Crawford had a fine year, and Connelly of Boston was of great help to his club. Zach Wheat of Brooklyn had a good year, but the general outfielding class was nothing wonderful.

As to the Feds

THIS selection doesn't include any of the Federal Leaguers, as it was impossible to see a sufficient amount of their play or to form any opinion from averages. But in Kauff and several

Capps Indian Blankets and Sport-Coats



for the “Tribe of the Great Outdoors.” The latest smart over garment—a practical new “fad,” certain of permanent popularity because the coats are so useful. Made from selected designs of the famous CAPPS INDIAN BLANKETS, man-tailored and beautifully finished. Artistic and original—very cozy and comfortable. Light in weight, but warm and waterproof. For all men and women—boys and girls who love out-door sports and pastimes. Charming “chic” and exclusive, appealing strongly to the college fraternity. These beautiful coats are guaranteed 100% Pure Wool the same as

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Follow authentic designs of Indian Tribal blankets and are clean and sanitary. Their appeal to artistic home lovers is irresistible and their uses are almost limitless. Ideal for couch covers, slumber robes, camp use, yacht and automobile, steamer rugs, for baby's buggy and dozens of other useful and decorative purposes.

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WITH Dutch Boy White Lead and Dutch Boy linseed oil on your brush you put a waterproof, preserving, beautifying film on your house—elastic enough to stretch without cracking, fine enough to anchor into wood pores. Tint it any color.

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HUDSON Six-40-\$1550

\$3,875,000 Last Month Paid for Hudson Sixes

\$930,000 Weekly

These figures tell better than words can how men are flocking to this new-day car. In September, buyers of new cars paid \$3,875,000 for this HUDSON Six-40 alone.

This averages \$930,000 weekly. That is, they are buying as fast as we build—100 cars daily.

No Other Class Car So Appealing

This is the largest sale ever won by a class car. Or by any car priced above \$1200.

And it comes at a time when men are buying more carefully—comparing more closely—demanding more refinements than ever before. It comes at the climax of men's rebellion against over-tax and excess.

At this time—with all the new-year models out—men are buying five times as many HUDSONS as they bought one year ago.

Hudsons Now at Top

HUDSON models—designed by Howard E. Coffin—have been climbing up fast in late years. The HUDSON Six of two years ago was the largest-selling Six in the world.

But this new Six-40 has developed an avalanche of favor. In a single year it has quintupled HUDSON popularity. It has made the HUDSON—all things considered—the top-place car of today.

Note this one-year record. The first-model Six-40 came out a year ago. It outsold our output by 3000 cars. This 1915 model came out in July. We trebled our output to meet the demand for it. But on August 1 it was 4000 cars oversold. Now—with an output five times last year's—we are barely filling orders.

This is the Car Men Wanted

Four years ago, Howard E. Coffin—the great HUDSON designer—conceived this new-type car. He saw

the trend of motorists' wants, and he started then to meet them. Since then—for four years—he has worked on this car. And the whole HUDSON corps of 47 engineers has worked with him.

He saw the end of awkward over-size. Here is a modest-size car with seats for seven and ample room for seven.

He saw the end of excess weight, due to wrong materials and crude designing. He has saved you here about 1000 pounds—the weight of a car-full of people.

He saw the demand for economy. With a new-type motor he has reduced operative cost about 30 per cent in this car.

He saw how beauty, comfort and convenience appealed to motor buyers. He has given you here—in all these ways—many unique attractions. Every detail—every part—has been refined in four years to the limit.

And he saw the demand for lower-priced quality cars. And here he gives you—through HUDSON efficiency—the lowest-priced class car built.

The Finished Ideal—Go See It Now

Today—at every HUDSON showroom—is the finished model of this new-day car. You will see every perfection—every refinement—which 48 men in four years have worked out.

And now all next year's rivals are out to compare with it. This is the time to select your new car.

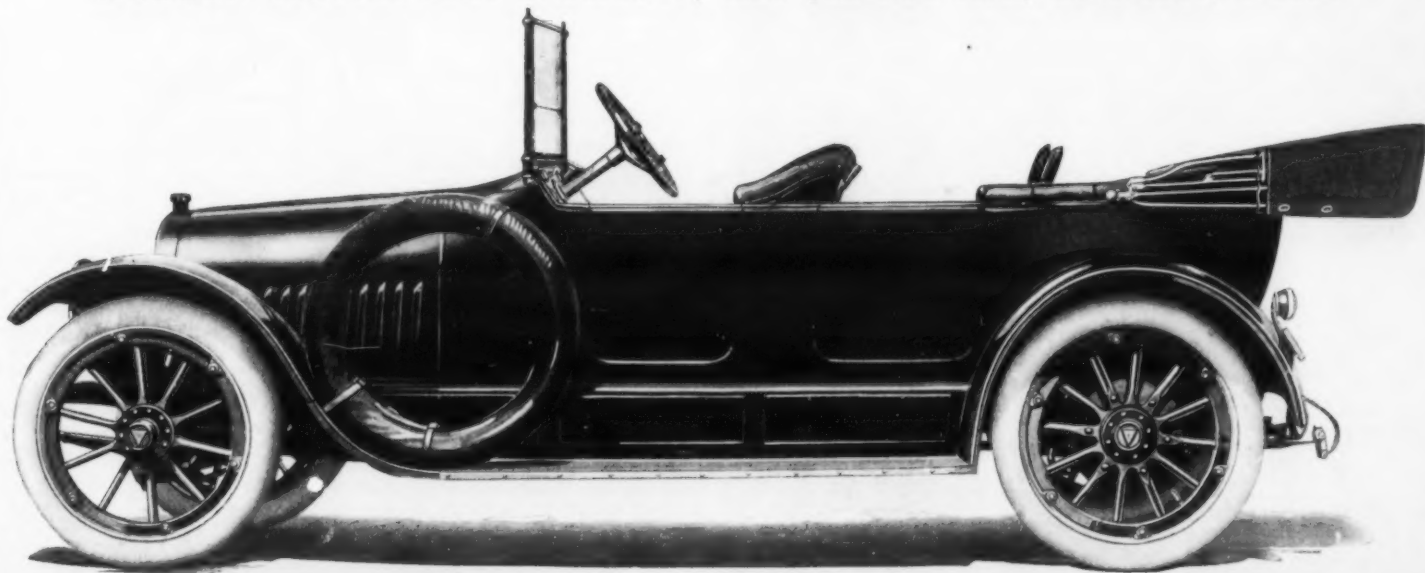
If you want an open body, there are months of fine driving ahead of you—the finest of the year. If you want a closed body, promptness will insure that you get it.

Go this week and see this HUDSON Six-40. If you prefer one at once, and your dealer can't deliver, we will ship one by express. Hudson dealers are everywhere.

Five New-Style Bodies

Seven-passenger Phaeton, \$1,550; 3-passenger Roadster, \$1,550; 3-passenger Cabriolet, \$1,750; 4-Passenger Coupe, \$2,150; new Town Car, \$2,550. All f. o. b. Detroit. Canadian Price: Phaeton or Roadster, \$2,100 f. o. b. Detroit, Duty Paid.

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THE man who wants a dressy overcoat will find in the *Windsor* his exact desire. An ultra-fashionable

Sincerity Clothes garment, in modish good taste. A leading merchant near you is ready to show it.

*Style Book
on request*

Kuh, Nathan & Fischer Co.
Chicago

others the Feds had many stars, Kauff being rated next to Cobb by many who saw all three leagues.

Summing Up

FROM the above selection there are but two men, not including the pitchers, who batted under .300. The general average would be around .325.

But, after all, it isn't a matter of averages. We have tried to make our selection from those who started at good speed and held the pace through a year of much loafing and indifferent work—through a year of low standard in discipline and machine morale, due to outside competition that gave the player freer rein.

And, once again, this selection was made not upon past records or past

fame or upon any opinion as to what might be, but upon a record of actual achievement from April to October.

It would have been much simpler and a much more popular move to have followed cut-and-dried methods and named old favorites. But as Dave Crockett said, we would rather try and be right than to be President of Mexico or King of Belgium.

It is more than possible that here and there we have slipped and missed a few. But even Ty Cobb only bats .380—and we lay no claim to any immunity from error. In many cases, especially among the pitchers, it was a toss-up—where, regardless of any all-stardom, the main laurel must go to Mathewson and Plank, who worked their fourteenth season and still stood the test.

The Rustlers' Pay

(Continued from page 11)

of the kind and I looked toward Madgy in surprise. She gave me one of those "keep-still-I'm-running this" glances, so I bit my lip humbly and became absorbed in a dingy headline in a newspaper that covered part of the side wall and announced startlingly: "Earthquake in San Francisco."

"Now, Madgy," Blizzard was saying, "you ain't going back on the profession, is you?"

"Who said I was going to bleat? But let me tell you: I'm going to hand you a chunk of my jaw right now. My pa or no other respectable horse thief ever stole from a poor man what was after buying a ranch; they only took from the big companies what had plenty."

"Stealing ain't no crime; the crime's getting caught." It was Toothpicks that uttered this withered piece of Western philosophy.

"Yes, and who's to catch you? It's a cinch stealing these days when the people depends on the law and the law's so far off. Why, they just caught my pa with his brands mixed and they swung him to the nearest pine tree. But he died clean and honest, and you fellows—a-taking the living from a poor man what's worked, you'll pay up—by gosh, you'll pay up!"

"Brimstone and hell's damnation!" grinned Blister.

"Yes, and then some," Madgy asserted. "Nobody can't prove nothing." Gloomy Gilbert flung back as they stepped out of the door. "And with such a valuable mare he had ought to sell her and git that ranch."

WHEN we were alone Madgy opened: "Gosh, ain't they easy? Couldn't you see I never knowed they stole them horses, only they got a reputation thataway. I did see the bunch going through town, but I never noticed who was with them."

For a long time Madgy sat there, her elbows on the table; large, capable hands spread around her thick, handleless coffee cup. She was not pretty; her face was too broad, her complexion too startlingly red and white—"a loud skin" she called it. In fact, she might have looked almost coarse had not her dark, intelligent eyes leaped to the rescue.

Long ago I had learned to admire Madgy for her queer mixture of kind heart and pluck. There was really nothing "tough" about her but her talk. She always said that a good reputation and big hands were all that she possessed and that she didn't intend to let either of them make a "git-away." We had worked together for three years—I as schoolmarm, she as hired girl. She was popular and petted, I was a kind of intellectual goddess. The broncho busters went to her to be scolded, to have their buttons sewed on, to be joshed and teased; they came to me to have their "knotty fractions" straightened out, to have their important letters written, to just sit and listen while I talked the swelled-up English. There were plenty of women around on the ranches, but Madgy and I were the only unmarried females in town. Perhaps that was one reason why I taught in that little "tough" place, so far away from the world.

WE had washed the thick Joint dishes and had set them in great piles on the rough shelves, then we had gone up the hill to the schoolhouse to clean up, for it was Saturday and Madgy and I were working together.

Out on the porch we were dusting erasers. "Ain't it rotten to be bustin' anxious for something you can't git?"

Madgy beat the erasers together viciously, while she proceeded: "Onct, when I was a little kid orphan, I went to the county seat and seen a hat. It was a white, crispy straw with a circle of yellow-eyed daisies stacked around it. I was washing dishes at the 'Joint' for my board then; the hat cost ten dollars and all I had this side of Hallelujah was fifty cents. Well, I just hurt and hurt for that hat. I done all kinds of extry jobs. I scrubbed the floor of the store, washed the saloon windows on the outside, and done everything I could think of to fetch in the quarters. I was plumb happy-sick when at last I stacks up the price and gives it to the stage driver for to fetch me the hat. And, mind you, he went to town and drank up all my money, and somebody else got the hat. Gosh! I grieved and grieved like I'd lost the whole world."

"WELL?" Somehow I felt the need of some forceful ending.

"Well, I was just a wonderin' if the Idyho fellow was that bustin' anxious after that ranch." Madgy's two last erasers rubbed together furiously.

"Isn't there anything we can do?" Candidly, I had almost forgotten the stranger with the sorrel horse.

"Lawful, you mean? Yes. You schoolmarms what was fetched up in fleeced-back East towns, all you know's law; you don't savvy rights. Now, them Sour Dough boys has got a tight stand-in with the saloon; they spends their money there and *we* don't; and the saloon runs things here. Besides, them guys is the whole works around here; they never steals from nobody in this valley, only from strangers what comes in. And even if we did git them juggled, they could git fifteen of their friends to swear in court that they was in China when them horses disappeared." We took the erasers in and began washing down the blackboards, but Madgy kept on talking: "Anyhow, I wouldn't bleat on them for nothing; why, them cow-punchers would steal anything on top of earth for me! No, we can't do nothing lawful, that's a cinch—but maybe there's another way." She sat down abruptly on a desk, the wet rag dripping against her apron. "Say, that fellow's just got to have the money for that ranch, and, by gosh—I bet I know who's going to pay it, too."

"Tell me." "Oh, you wait and see. I was just a-thinking how even a old broke-down sorrel horse is valuable if handled right—and, say, didn't it ever hit you how them cow-punchers is all just like chewing gum in my hands. But a little over two weeks—gee! that's a short time to work—even with chewing gum."

THAT night I went into the kitchen for my bread-and-meat sandwich—a "bed-time hand-out" that I always required before climbing the straight stairs to my attic. I found Madgy perched upon the kitchen table. Beside her Blizzard grinned the conqueror's grin. I was a little surprised to behold such intimacy after the day's jangle, but then Madgy's actions were often incomprehensible to me. I noticed too that, open on their laps, they held a big catalogue and, as I switched back the calico curtain, Madgy was saying: "Ain't that onefortwodollars and seventy-five cents plumb swell?"

"Pick the one you likes." Blizzard moved his big, hard hand magnanimously. Then, seeing me: "Say, schoolmarm, don't you think a diamond ring for three dollars and twenty-five cents would have

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There are twenty-five models of the Hamilton watch. Every one has Hamilton quality and Hamilton accuracy. They range in price from \$12.25 for movement only (in Canada \$12.50) up to the superb Hamilton masterpiece at \$150.00. Your jeweler can show you the Hamilton you want, either in a case or in a movement only, to be fitted to any style case you select, or to your own watch case if you prefer.

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We Pattersons have been making smoking tobaccos for over seventy years. We originated many of the most popular brands on the market.

Our wide experience has taught us that the best way to eliminate the "bite" from a smoking mixture, is to use mild tobaccos in its blending that have no "bite."

Strong tobaccos bite. And the "bite" cannot be isolated. When you try to remove it, you are bound to take out other properties that make tobacco fragrant and enjoyable.



"Whip" owes its absolute freedom from "bite"—as well as its unequalled mildness—to the pure, natural, mild tobaccos used in the blending.

It owes its fine, mellow taste, and rich, satisfying fragrance to its wonderful blend. The blend is a Patterson secret, learned and developed from our experience in making other good smoking tobaccos—one of which may be a favorite of yours.

You have found other Patterson brands good smoking, but when you try "Whip" you will agree that it is our highest achievement and the final masterpiece in blending artistry. Our other tobaccos are the experiments that have finally culminated in this finest of all smoking tobaccos.

OUNCE TIN FREE

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In writing, please mention the name of your dealer. "Whip" is put up in one-ounce tins at 5 cts., and 2-ounce tins at 10 cts.; also in handsome Pottery Patented Self-Moistening Pouch Humidors.

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Mrs. Burrowes handles Import Bureau and F. & L. Co. 1000

a better diamond in it than the two-dollar and seventy-five cent kind?"

I weighed the matter carefully, hiding my expression in the bread box. "Looks like it ought to. Why? You two getting engaged?"

"Sh-sh—we ain't bleating nothing about it," Blizzard grunted; and, feeling myself dismissed, I carried my sandwich into the dining room.

NOW, would you believe it, the next night Gloomy Gilbert spread a joyful smile over the catalogue; the next it was Blister that squirmed and fidgeted over the ring page. Every night that week I found one of the Sour Dough boys dangling his legs from the kitchen table. And Saturday night—horrors! it was actually Old Toothpicks. He squirmed to the other end of the table when he saw me, and, as from that distance he gazed suspiciously at the pictured rings, his face wore an expression that reminded me of a funeral notice.

Yet this conduct on the part of Madgy and her "clingers" did not excite me very deeply. Goodness! it was common enough! Why, every time that Madgy grabbed a broncho buster and forcibly sewed a button on his shirt collar, she picked her reward from the catalogue. And, according to her ethics, it was the right thing to do, for one day she displayed a real "watch that runs." On its case was a big dull diamond surrounded by rather transparent pearls. She had selected it for sewing all the buttons on the barber's coat and mending the tears in his fur lap robe.

"You charge a lot," I ventured.

"Well, I got as good a right to his money as the saloon keeper, ain't I? And ain't I keeping him from at least one big, wicked spree by taking his cash? It hits me that I'm real charitable."

And how can a mere schoolmarm buffet such arguments?

And yet the Toothpicks affair bothered me all that night, for Toothpicks, the indifferent, the independent, the untidy, always wore his shirts buttonless, his coats patchless. He even refused to discard a shirt when his gnarled elbows blared shamelessly through the sleeves.

ABOUT that time I became immersed in a tumult of examination papers, and so for a few days tumbled entirely out of Blizzard Roost's adventurous society. Those papers piled my school desk and swamped my attic bedroom, they paralyzed my cheerfulness and laid waste my peace of mind. I ignored everything and everybody—Madgy, the Sour Dough boys, even my meals; I might have forgotten the stranger and his ranch had I not bumped into him one day as I hurried out of the Joint. The jolt made me bite my tongue and I took the time to dislike him for a minute and to wonder whether his option hadn't almost expired.

Finally, one evening, I finished the last paper, put the last average in my ledger, and gazed across my empty desk and far off out of the window to where the last golden plumes of sunset were disappearing behind the tops of the snow-tipped mountains. Whenever I looked out of that particular window the world became all peace and time and space—illimitable. I started at the clink of spurs and looked up to see the chap-clad legs of Blizzard barring the door.

"Come in," I invited.

THE big bulk of a man clattered toward me and stood gazing at his feet. "The conqueror conquered," I mused as he struggled for a beginning.

"Schoolmarm, what's the proper covering for a fellow to wear to a wedding?—his—his—own wedding?"

"Why—er—an evening suit." I was getting interested. Seldom did the great Blizzard ask the advice of anyone.

"You mean one of them what makes a fellow look like a tombstone in front and a fool in the back. I'll die first."

"Well, is it going to be a church wedding?" I was struggling with a smile.

"Not's I know of. We're going to ride to the county seat and just stand up and git hitched regardless."

"Then any ordinary suit will do—black preferred."

"Oh, thanks—thanks—oh, thanks." He was backing out.

"But who's the lucky lady?"

"Ch, it's a secret—a great secret—" He was at the door now and fell rather than stepped out. Then he stuck his white eyebrows into the room again.

"Say, schoolmarm, if a fellow brings a sorrel horse to the hotel for me, please

Bye Baby Bunting,
Papa's gone a hunting
For the new GEM DAMASKEENE,
To shave himself both quick and clean.



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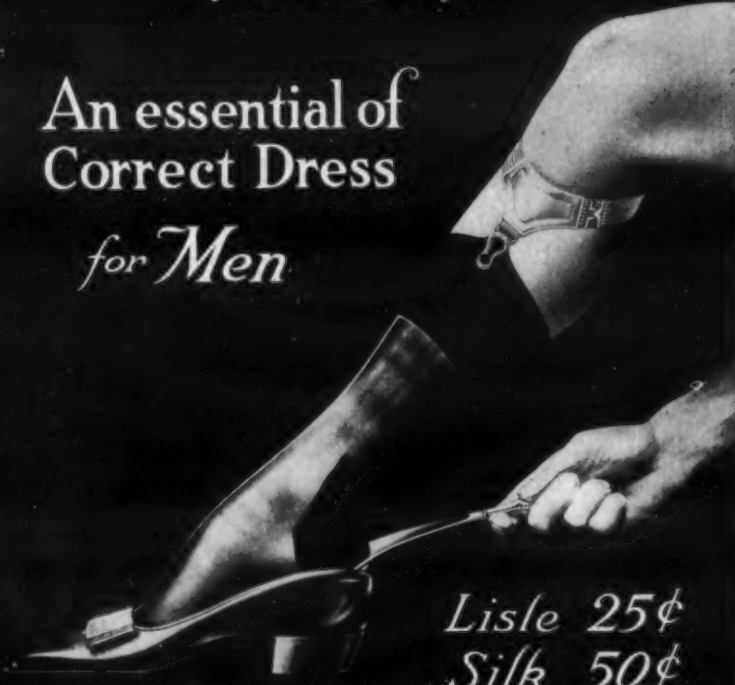
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When your pen suddenly stumbles and sends a shower of spatters over your page, it is trying to tell you that you are using an acid ink—the acid roughs the pen. Spl-u-t-t-e-r and your book or letter is a mess.

When your fountain pen refuses to write and you have to go banging around to jolt it into life, it is trying to tell you that the ink you use is full of sediment, that it is not a clear, scientifically made ink, and that the barrel of your pen is all gummy.

When you blot a freshly written line or set of figures only to see them vanish, the blotter is trying to tell you that your ink is scarcely more than colored water made to sell at a price that sounds economical.

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you should use. There are Inx for every purpose, the best Inx that Carter, the best equipped and most experienced ink maker in this country, knows how to make.

Mr. and Mrs. Carter Inx may be had at dealers' for 25 cents the pair. If your dealer hasn't them, send us his name and address, with 35 cents, which covers packing and mailing, and we will send you a pair of these interesting little inkwells.

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Largest Manufacturers of Writing Inks, Adhesives, Typewriter Ribbons and Carbon Papers in the World.

Some of the features scheduled for the October 24th issue of Collier's: An article by Stanley Washburn, one of our War Correspondents with the Russian Troops; "The Submarine in Action," describing the recent naval action abroad, written and illustrated by Henry Reuterdaahl; "The War In America," by Richard Washburn Child; "Politics In Illinois," by George Fitch; "Kansas," by Julian Street, and three short stories. This is indicative of the big nickel's worth of interesting reading which Collier's subscribers receive every week.

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OSCAR RUSTAD."

C. 10-17-14

tell him to put it in the barn." He mounted his horse and vanished.

Scarcely had I gotten to the middle of my laugh when a snowball softly hit the window. I went out. Blister was peeping guiltily around the corner of the building.

"I done it," he confessed. "I was afraid you'd have one of them squirming kids kep' in for his spellin' and I wanted to catch you alone. I been hankerin' to tell you for several days, but we've been real busy on the ranch and to-day's the first time I could get off."

"Do come in," I begged.

He smiled his perpetual joy smile. "Say, what do you know? It's me for a nifty gal and a happy home, sweet home."

"Oh, how nice!"

"I've mixed up a song about it," he added half proud, half bashful.

I was not surprised, for Blister was noted as the poet laureate of the cow camp. "Oh, do sing it."

HE started, his voice wandering sentimentally up and down the scale independent of tune or rhythm:

*"When I marry you, dear, my sins I'll be bleaching
Until I am so good that I can go to preachin'."*

"Really," I exclaimed involuntarily, and was sorry afterward because Blister became very much embarrassed.

"Do go on," I begged.

"No, that's all the further I've got." Then changing the subject:

"Say, I've bought a horse, a sorrel. Gee! he's got the blind staggers and his ankles is all busted. He ain't worth a quarter and I pays two hundred and fifty dollars. But the gal wants him, she says he packs double, and she thinks it would be a real cute idea to go to a wedding double. Don't tell the fellows, for God's sake, but if the horse comes in the daytime when I'm on the ranch, have him took care of, please. Well, I'll be ripping the road home."

He smiled his way out and got on his horse. Far down the road, I could hear his singsong—"When I marry you, dear, my sins—I'll—be—"

"Drunk?" I wondered, "or has he only gone crazy?" Warily, I closed the school door and started home through the gray hush of twilight.

THE rolling sagebrush foothills tumbled along for miles and miles, finally sloping up into the purple majesty of the fir-banked mountains. Off in the scenery a few crude ranch houses hugged the hills, and from their windows long fingers of light reached out across the dusky solitude. Away up between the snow-scarfed peaks the little downy night clouds were nestling cozily. The very air seemed to be holding its breath at the vast mystery of the blurred, soundless world. From behind a clump of sagebrush a man arose and stepped to my side, hisprang away terrified.

"Sh—sh—sh, don't scream. I ain't going to kidnap you."

"Why, Gloomy Gilbert," I exclaimed, quite relieved.

"It's business, very important. This is the first show I've had to see you."

He fumbled around in the rattling nails of his overall pockets and brought out a wad of paper.

"Here, copy this; copy it in real swelled up English and I'll love you forever. I'll come after it to-morrow."

THEN Gloomy disappeared as mysteriously as he had come.

I unfolded the note and in the increasing dimness could just spell it out—

dear honey bunch i ant goiner tel you what a hell of a paradise you is becaus the sculmam is coppin this an i don't want her to no how beet up my brance is. i am goin out to by me sum close an hav a celabrashune with the boys. i hort the sorral horse i pade a stif sum for him. i wil be home on the weddin day an don't git marrid til i gits there. Yore oven sweet cow-boy,

GLOOMY.

"Mad—mad—" I muttered, "all the Sour Dough boys—or—" the thought suddenly stunned me—"could I be the mad one? Was all this really happening?" I began to go over it in detail. Well, I was at the Joint, that was a relief. It would seem natural and sane to eat—

A hand touched my shoulder and I looked up and shuddered. Horrors! It was Old Toothpicks.

"I want to see you."

Now, I was afraid of Old Toothpicks.

He was the worst drunkard, thief, and gambler in Blizzard's Roost. It was even reported that he had once killed a man. Whenever I saw that writhing smile of his, I felt a squirm at the roots of my hair.

YET I followed him around the side of the Joint.

"Say, how can a fellow keep from getting married?"

I was silent; who wouldn't have been? "I'm plumb scared of womens, I know I puts up a nifty bluff in a crowd, but when I gits alone with one, my backbone just jigs and jigs and my brains goes plumb busted—"

"Is she promised?"

"No, but I is."

"She must think a lot of you," I half sneered.

"She says I'm the sweetest, bravest cowboy in the whole world. She further lets on how that she knows I've been real fierce to marry her for a long time. And—and—I couldn't do nothing but just look soupy."

In the half light I could just see his open shirt collar, his unshaven face, his dirty hands; I could also see his weak face working convulsively. I knew that I would never be afraid of him again.

"Don't be a coward," I challenged.

"But maybe she'll make a fellow use table napkins and sleep between sheets—and say his prayers—she might make me say my prayers." It ended in a kind of wall.

"Coward!"

"No, I ain't, I'll show you I ain't. I been in the pen twict and onct the gallows 'most had me. I'm fifty and the toughest one that ever whirled a cow. Hu'uh, marrying can't be much worse than the gallows and if she wants me—I'll buy her that darned sorrel, too."

THAT night I cornered Madgy.

"Say, are you going to marry all the Sour Dough boys?"

"Me?" she looked up innocently. "Why the law only allows me one."

"Then who are they going to marry?"

"Darned if I know. There's plenty of girls on the ranches."

"Well, why do all the girls out here prefer sorrel horses for eloping purposes?"

"They don't. I've knowed lots of girls that preferred bays and roans."

"Say, Madgy, have I been acting rather queer lately?"

She looked at me and her round face took on a familiar expression of kindness and command.

"Yes, you've been acting like you was all jagged out. You go to bed this minute and forget sorrel horses and Sour Dough boys. Don't bother about the dishes neither, that fellow from Idyho's here and he'll wipe them."

But I could not get away from my social duties. Twice, before I got to bed, the cook knocked and reported that boys from the Sour Dough ranch wanted to see me on business. I sent her away with the excuse that I was sick. But presently a piece of paper came wiggling under my door. I picked it up. In a straggly, drunken hand was written:

"Where you buy a license?"

"Ask some one who is married," I scribbled, and wiggled it back under the door.

Saturday again at the Montana Joint.

Again I sat by the window and pretended to read "The Refractory Child."

At the table sat Blizzard and Curley.

They wore conventional black suits and drew their red necks in and out of their stiff collars uncomfortably. Their neckties were green and red and I could see an inch of purple socks where Curley was attempting to wrap his legs around three chairs. Curley didn't look so bad; he actually showed that somewhere in the past he had "worn clothes," but the attempt at style could not take away the gawkiness of Blizzard nor could it add one hair of dignity to his ridiculous white eyebrows. Neither spoke, but every few minutes they glowered sideways at each other's finery, as if perplected.

AT the roller towel squabbled Blister

and Gloomy, both wondrously drunk and joyful. Blister wore chaps and a new red handkerchief; Gloomy was dressed up to the extent of overalls, a vest and gay pink garters around his sleeves.

"Good morning, glory!" Gloomy swore mildly as he caught sight of Blizzard.

"What am I seeln'? Am I drunk?"

"You is," affirmed Blizzard. "Sit down and cache your dinner."

Frizzly and Babe next appeared, solemn and uneasy in cheap store clothes.

Running 100 miles on Low Gear,

Certified Records

Name of City	Dealer's Name	Time in Hours and Minutes	Gal. of Oil Used	Temp.	Weather and Road Conditions
Abilene, Texas	C. B. Manly	8:56	.6	60°	Fair
Akron, Ohio	A. Auble, Jr.	9:15	.4	64°	Mud
Albany, N. Y.	C. G. Heck	8:03	.9	62°	Clear
Amboy, Ill.	A. Aschenbrenner	9:57	.8	65°	Clear
Atlanta, Ga.	W. M. Hull	8:45	.7	64°	Heavy
Auburn, N. Y.	Geo. H. Leonard	8:40	.8	58°	Muddy
Baltimore, Md.	W. F. Kneip	9:46	1.8	82°	Bad
Billings, Mont.	Fred L. Savage	10:04	1.5	80°	Rough
Binghamton, N. Y.	Arthur Barth	9:07	1.3	80°	Fair
Boston, Mass.	S. H. Lewis	9:00	.8	67°	Muddy
Bridgeport, Conn.	O. A. Lawton	8:48	1.6	87°	Clear
Buffalo, N. Y.	Arthur L. Clark	8:18	1.2	84°	Clear
Calgary, Alberta	Geo. Ostendorf	8:35	2	59°	Rain
Canton, Ohio	A. F. Williams	8:50	.3	60°	Clear
Carbondale, Pa.	Geo. W. Belden	9:30	.7	65°	Fair
Carthage, Mo.	S. F. Carpenter	9:00	1.2	62°	Rough
Cherokee, Ia.	A. L. Caulkins	8:57	1.5	75°	Clear
Chicago, Ill.	C. W. Shaffer	8:30	1.6	66°	Heavy
Cincinnati, Ohio	W. R. Johnson	8:54	.9	56°	Fair
Cleveland, Ohio	F. H. Sanders	8:24	1	58°	Clear
Colorado Spgs., Col.	Newman Samuel	7:45	1.2	67°	Fair
Columbia, S. C.	R. H. Eckenroth	7:57	.9	68°	Clear
Columbus, Ohio	G. W. Blake	9:50	.9	65°	Hilly
Concord, N. H.	Wm. Gibbs	8:18	1.3	80°	Rain
Cortland, N. Y.	O. C. Belt	8:19	.8	54°	Rain
Cumberland, Md.	W. H. Darrah	7:44	.9	92°	Clear
Dallas, Texas	J. A. Farrell	8:12	1.3	57°	Mud
Dayton, Ohio	A. E. Glisan	9:30	1.3	67°	Rain
Denver, Col.	W. G. Langley	9:30	1.2	63°	Clear
Detroit, Mich.	F. B. Heathman	9:30	.7	64°	Fair
Duluth, Minn.	F. C. Cullen	9:45	1	63°	Fair
Eau Claire, Wis.	W. J. Doughty	7:55	2.5	55°	Rain
Elizabeth, N. J.	J. D. Peacha, Jr.	9:28	1	44°	Bad
Erie, Pa.	G. R. Wood	9:45	1.3	62°	Windy
Fall River, Mass.	F. V. Price, Jr.	8:34	1.5	86°	Hot
Forsyth, Mont.	John Griffith	9:40	1.2	80°	Muddy
Fort Dodge, Ia.	Ernest Place	8:12	.9	88°	Hot
Fort Plain, N. Y.	Jack Lindberg	10:00	1	75°	Fair
Galesburg, Ill. Car 1	J. W. Crouse	9:15	.8	52°	Clear
Galesburg, Ill. Car 2	A. A. Walrath	8:45	2	58°	Fair
Geneva, N. Y.	E. T. Byram	8:15	1.3	70°	Clear
Georgetown, Texas	W. W. McCarroll	8:42	1.3	70°	Clear
Grand Forks, N. D.	T. J. Caswell	8:40	1.2	68°	Rain
Great Falls, Mont.	J. W. Lyons	9:00	1	54°	Clear
Greensburg, Pa.	B. D. Whitten	8:40	1.1	76°	Clear
Greenville, S. C.	E. L. Turner	8:52	2	65°	Bad
Hampton, Va.	R. N. Tannahill	8:11	1.9	78°	Rain
Hartford, Conn.	J. V. Bickford	9:08	2.5	82°	Fair
Houston, Texas	H. P. Seymour	9:07	1.2	80°	Clear
Idemping, Mich.	John Mosley	8:30	.5	60°	Clear
Kankakee, Ill.	R. B. White	8:57	1.5	75°	Muddy
Kansas City, Mo.	E. R. Nelson	8:42	1	56°	Heavy
Kingston, N. Y.	F. A. Babel	8:29	.6	74°	Fair
La Crosse, Wis.	E. F. Williams	8:34	2	71°	Fair
Laramie, Wyo.	W. M. Davis	9:29	1.6	70°	Cloudy
Lexington, Ky.	Alfred James	9:08	.7	66°	Fair
	E. Lovejoy	8:52	.7	78°	Clear
	V. K. Dodge	9:57	.7	78°	Hilly

these 116 Franklin Sixes make nationwide demonstration of air cooling

Each of these Franklin dealers on September 24th ran his Franklin Six-Thirty car 100 miles *all the way on low gear without once stopping the engine*

This unparalleled feat was performed in 116 different localities under all sorts of road and weather conditions. The object—which was brilliantly accomplished—was to demonstrate the absolute superiority of direct air-cooling.

Certified Records

Name of City	Dealer's Name	Time in Hours and Minutes	Gal. of Oil Used	Temp.	Weather and Road Conditions
Lincoln, Neb.	Fred'k Ryan	10:00	1.5	70°	Fair
Los Angeles, Cal.	R. C. Hamlin	10:00	1.5	62°	Clear
London, Ont.	F. G. Mitchell	8:27	1	68°	Muddy
Louisville, Ky.	G. M. Younger	9:30	1	67°	Clear
Milwaukee, Wis.	Wm. F. Sanger	9:09	.9	54°	Dry
Minneapolis, Minn.	L. A. McKay	9:30	.6	58°	Sand
Moline, Ill.	D. H. Duncan	9:22	2	67°	Clear
Montreal, P. Q.	H. Grothe	8:53	1.2	59°	Muddy
Nashville, Tenn.	John W. Chester	8:53	1	67°	Fair
Newark, N. J.	W. L. Mallon	9:10	.9	81°	Clear
New Bedford, Mass.	S. C. Lowe	8:00	1.2	75°	Dry
Newburg, N. Y.	Geo. Mason	8:50	.9	74°	Clear
New Haven, Conn.	Cowles Tolman	8:52	1.2	80°	Sand
New York City	G. A. Tisdale	8:35	.8	58°	Dry
Norwich, N. Y.	A. M. Jones	8:58	3	81°	Bad
Oil City, Pa.	H. S. Phinny	7:36	.9	56°	Mud
Oklahoma City, Okl.	J. W. Lee	9:35	.4	74°	Clear
Pawnee, Neb.	O. H. Schenck	11:30	1	72°	Clear
Pendleton, Ore.	J. H. McCormack	9:17	.6	56°	Clear
Peoria, Ill.	S. K. Hatfield	8:59	1.2	75°	Clear
Philadelphia, Pa.	Jas. Sweeten, Jr.	6:55	1	82°	Bad
Phoenix, Ariz.	Geo. Hageman	9:02	1	78°	Clear
Pittsfield, Mass.	H. G. West	8:32	1.3	69°	Cloudy
Portland, Me.	W. M. Chellis	8:25	1	80°	Hilly
Portland, Ore.	J. C. Braly	8:45	1.2	74°	Fair
Providence, R. I.	W. L. Wilcox	9:00	1.3	80°	Clear
Putnam, Conn.	O. C. Bosworth	8:05	.8	86°	Fair
Redlands, Cal.	B. H. Hatfield	7:12	.9	92°	Fair
Rochester, N. Y.	G. R. MacCollum	8:10	1.2	80°	Rain
Rockford, Ill.	L. J. Thiess	8:40	1.1	68°	Hills
St. Louis, Mo.	J. B. Dryer	10:32	1.1	72°	Hills
St. Paul, Minn.	A. H. Clark	9:05	1.5	48°	Fair
San Angelo, Tex.	M. C. Ragsdale	9:05	.8	62°	Fair
San Antonio, Tex.	L. F. Birdsong	8:55	1.2	86°	Fair
San Diego, Cal.	Wilson S. Smith	9:20	1.6	76°	Fair
San Francisco, Cal.	John F. McLain	8:45	1.6	70°	Bad
Saranac Lake, N. Y.	E. E. Bellows	9:20	1.2	60°	Rain
Scranton, Pa.	O. D. DeWitt	8:40	1.4	61°	Rough
Seattle, Wash.	W. A. Wicks	9:22	1.2	58°	Fair
Sharon, Pa.	C. H. Wiltse	8:32	1.2	60°	Muddy
Shreveport, La.	W. H. Johnson	7:30	2.1	66°	Clear
Sioux City, Ia.	Thomas Murphy	8:55	1.0	85°	Fair
Sioux Falls, S. D.	Knapp Brown	8:58	1.2	73°	Fair
Springfield, Ill.	H. D. Parks	10:00	1.0	65°	Fair
Springfield, Mass.	W. F. Anderson	7:40	.5	86°	Fair
Springfield, Mo.	H. E. Seeley	9:34	.9	70°	Clear
Syracuse, N. Y.	T. A. Young	8:56	2.0	58°	Rain
Utica, N. Y.	W. W. Garabrant	10:10	1.0	58°	Bad
Walla Walla, Wash.	R. H. Tuttle	9:07	1.2	59°	Rain
Walton, N. Y.	J. R. Bryce	9:40	1.3	57°	Fair
Washington, Ia.	S. S. Smith	9:00	1.2	72°	Wet
Waterloo, Ia.	R. H. Cramer	8:20	1.4	60°	Clear
Wilkesbarre, Pa.	W. S. Lee	9:30	1.2	71°	Rain
Worcester, Mass.	F. B. Williams	9:20	1.1	80°	Clear
Yankton, S. D.	J. P. Nyberg	9:20	.8	70°	Clear
York, Pa.	T. S. Pfeiffer	8:37	1.2	71°	Rough
Youngstown, Ohio	J. Stuhldreher	9:00	1.2	60°	Muddy
Average.....		8:57	1.2		

Every car was absolutely stock, without special attachments of any kind. No extra lubrication was employed. The sworn average consumption of oil during the run was 1.2 gal. per car. Each run was witnessed and attested by disinterested observers.

Throughout the country the severest roads known to automobilists were chosen. At Colorado Springs the route led by way of Dead Man's Canyon and Ute Pass to Cripple Creek. The finish was at the top of Tenderfoot Hill, 10,500 feet above the sea.

In Denver, Mr. F. C. Cullen, four hours after he started, was 11,500 feet above sea level. The worst roads and mountains within 100 miles of Denver were traversed and the finish was at the top of Lookout Mountain. Elevation lowers the boiling point of water, but has no effect on the cooling ability of air.

At Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, Mr. W. S. Lee finished a hard run by climbing Giant's Despair, the well known testing ground.

At Pittsfield, Massachusetts, the demonstration finished at the top of Jacob's Ladder.

At Springfield, Mass., at the top of Mt. Tom.

At Newburgh, N. Y., at the top of Storm King Mountain.

At Los Angeles, Cal., at the top of Wilson's Peak, 5,800 feet above the sea.

At Kingston, N. Y., the Catskills were climbed.

Norwich, N. Y., used three gallons of oil. The reason was a broken sight feed pipe.

Of the 119 cars starting only three failed to finish. Pittsburgh, Pa., and Tulsa, Okla., had temporary ignition trouble, which barred them, though Pittsburgh had run 95 miles.

Beaumont, Texas, did not finish due to running out of oil, which before noticed, resulted in burning out a connecting rod bearing. It occurred near the end of the 96th mile.

This unheard of 100 mile low gear demonstration was possible because of the direct air-cooling system of the Franklin. The primary advantages of direct cooling are: (1) nothing to over-heat in hard running, (2) nothing to freeze in winter, (3) the elimination of more than 100 unnecessary parts and the amount of attention necessary, (4) sheer engine efficiency and power.

With no weight of water, pump, radiator, piping, etc., the engine is not only lighter, but less weight is required in the frame, axles, and other supporting parts.

Economy Built on Light Weight

Thus comes economy. The Franklin is easy on tires, and uses little gasoline. In the National Economy Test last May, 94 stock Franklin touring cars averaged

32.8 miles on one gallon of gasoline. Tire average for four years 8,000 miles.

With Franklin light weight goes flexibility—resilient instead of jarring. Franklin flexibility is obtained by a chassis frame of laminated, shock-absorbing wood instead of rigid steel, by full elliptic springs, front and rear, and by the absence of strut rods and torque bars.

Not only is the superiority of Franklin direct air-cooling absolute, but upon it, it has been possible to build a car which combines highest efficiency, economy, durability, comfort and beauty.

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The dominance of the Franklin is due to fixed principles of construction unchanged through 13 years. Always easy riding, always light and flexible, it is today recognized as the *standard light car*.

Send for the striking eight-page, newspaper size, illustrated supplement, with its unusual photographs which give a panorama of the interesting features of these runs. Also booklet of telegraphic stories by men driving the cars.

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Roadster 2610	2150
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Prices are F. O. B. Syracuse, N. Y.
Ask your dealer to weigh the car for you.

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I should like to smoke five of your Private Havana cigars. Enclosed find 10c toward shipping expenses. I prefer (.....) Light (.....) Dark cigars.

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that were too short in the sleeves and too tight over the chest.

Bachy stood dumfounded at the door. "Gosh darn you, you fellows is dressed up fit for a funeral. Who's dead?"

"Us," declared Blizzard. "Seems to me like you've got on a rather joyful covering yourself."

Bachy worked his arms up in his short sleeves and was silent.

Finally Old Toothpicks slipped in, and, mind you, he had on a white collar. It was unbuttoned for comfort and a new black tie hung limply around it. He sat down and glanced at the other cow-punchers as if daring them to make a remark.

BUT the Sour Dough boys all had perplexities of their own. They glared suspiciously at each other's gay apparel. Finally Blizzard tilted his chair back toward me and whispered:

"Did you bleat, schoolmarm?"

"Why, no."

"Then why are they all so fool dressed up to see us off? Somebody must have—"

The calico curtains stirred and Madgy breezed in. She wore her red cheese-cloth dress and a great green bow flopped on her hair. The cow-punchers' upper lips seemed to be shrinking, but somehow they each managed to smile at her expectantly. She only tossed her head indifferently as she set the soup before them. But I, watching Madgy, so demure, so utterly indifferent, saw a great triumph lurking in the depths of her composed countenance, and, seeing it, wondered. Then she disappeared again.

The Sour Dough boys knived their food gingerly and choked down their coffee. Each was gazing slyly at the other. Finally Blister's sociability conquered his prudence.

"Say, Toothpicks, you sure look like a dried prune when you're dressed up, but I appreciate it just the same, old boy."

"You don't need to," growled Toothpicks. "I sure ain't done it for you." Painfully, writhingly, he buttoned his collar and knotted his tie in a grotesque tangle.

"Boys, I'm—I'm going to git married."

THEY gasped, then all howled: "You? You? Who'd marry you?"

"Keep still!" thundered Toothpicks.

"Come over to the saloon; the drinks is on me."

A general commotion ensued.

"No, they're on me."

"You've all got to drink to my wife."

"You? Who you going to marry—"

Just then, through the bleary window, I saw the Idaho man ride up on the sorrel horse.

I made a rush for the door, but all the Sour Dough boys were there before me.

"Give him to me," exclaimed Blizzard, reaching for the bridle.

The Idaho man pulled back.

"Aw—he's mine." Gloomy came forward. "Didn't I pay you two hundred and fifty dollars for him?"

"The devil you did!" It was Frizzly who elbowed his way roughly toward the front. "I bought him myself to ride my gal on to the wedding."

But the stranger only sat there complacently, with the pleasant little wrinkles curling around his eyes.

Toothpicks came close.

"Say, you darned stranger, gimme my horse or gimme my money; you can't make no fool out of me!"

"Aw, you can all go to the hot place!" The stranger jerked away roughly.

Seven hands went to seven hip pockets and brought forth long, shiny six-shooters.

BUT just then there was a flutter at the door. Madgy had come out; her pink cheesecloth dress showed below her riding skirt, and she carried a bumpy, well-packed flour sack. She faced the angry cow-punchers, whose revolvers were sagging in their hands.

"Say, you miserable tanks of cussedness, put up them guns! Who did you buy this here horse for?"

"Fer you?"

"I paid two hundred and fifty dollars for him, and I got the diamond ring in my pocket."

"He's for you—"

"Then I figure he's mine and I can do what I please with him."

The stranger leaped to the ground as Madgy approached. She swung into the saddle; all the Sour Dough boys started toward them, but, quick as a wink, the stranger swung on behind and dug his spurs into the sorrel horse.

"So long!" yelled Madgy. "We're just busting anxious to git to that ranch in Idaho—the apple trees is in bloom."

"And the option's up to-morrow," supplemented the Idaho man. "Say, that seventeen-hundred-fifty squares us on the horse steal."

"Kill them!" yelled Blizzard. But instead the Sour Dough boys stood there with their mouths sagging open and watched the riders round the waist of the hill. Then—

After that they all started for the saloon on the run.

BUT Toothpicks paused and wrenched off his collar. He hurled it high into the air and shot it full of holes.

That day's celebration of liberty regained was a festivity unparalleled even in Blizzard's Roost.

The Diamond Jester

(Continued from page 9)

business that would tide him over off seasons. Why," he announced with enthusiasm, "you could even get married on that. Now, Pick, I guess we understand each other. I'm going to talk to you like a Dutch uncle." He crooked an arm across the plaid girth of waistcoat and pulled a slip of paper from a pocket. "This, Pick, is a blank check on my bank in Yonkers. Last spring me and five other gentlemen put up a check for \$65,000 that the Giants would win the World Series this fall. That was when we got tipped off that Connie Mack's team was going to be raided by the Federals. You know how good that tip was. Well, it's a cinch that the Giants can't lick the Athletics. A bone in a button foundry knows that much. Now Detroit is not a ball team. It's only one pitcher and two outfielders. That's why we want Detroit to win to-morrow just the same as a shipwrecked sailor would like to see a lighthouse. This blank check," and Mr. Reedy tapped it ponderously, impressively, "is going to be filled out to a certain party, a mutual acquaintance, if Detroit wins to-morrow on a few wild throws or some such accident." Mr. Reedy smiled in inscrutable fashion. "There won't be a bigger check paid out to any man who plays in the World Series. Now think it over, old man. Here's my card. Good night."

PICK O'HARA with feet braced as though waiting for the shock of Ty Cobb sliding to the bag, watched Mr. Reedy of Yonkers move off to the bar. Then his shoulders relaxed and he cocked his green velvet hat to one side until the dab of red feather in the band on the left assumed a belligerent attitude wholly

at variance with his smiling face. Men in the lobby smiled back at him as he made his way to the elevator in a walk that was not swagger, not slouch, but an intimate blend of both. Some greeted him affectionately by name and felt in duty bound to fling jocular salutations at him. Their witticisms came back to them with the certainty of boomerangs and laughter followed him to the elevator cage. As Germany Schaefer had once put it: "All fan-kind loves a slugger." The elevator boy gave him an admiring grin and Pick exhorted:

"Open up the throttle, Jimmy. Me to the feathers for my beauty sleep."

BEN MILNOR, when the rush of the elevator dimmed, arose from a seat behind a column of imitation marble. As he walked out to Pennsylvania Avenue to catch a Mt. Pleasant car for home he passed two men who were still facing the elevator shaft.

"Takes an old horse like Pick to turn in before the last game with that devilish comical grin of his," he heard one of them say. "Every other ball player I've seen to-night looked as though he expected a dead wall and a firing squad to-morrow."

"Yes, he's a great guy. And back of all his kidding he'd sell his soul for Clarke Griffith. See him holding down first in that last inning? Why, he made Hal Chase look like a cripple. He may be a comic valentine with that face and all his clown dope; but take it from me, Harry, if Ban Johnson and Charlie Murphy had some of his fun in their make-up, organized baseball wouldn't look more like a Balkan battlefield every

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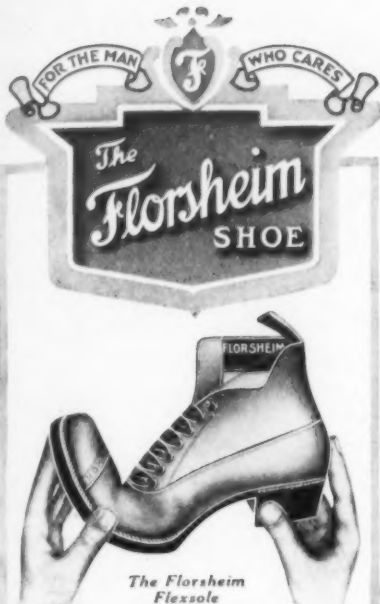
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year. He's true blue, old Pick is and game? Say, there never was a drop-forged pebble half as game."

MILNOR was wondering just how right the strangers were: whether O'Hara's hitherto unquestioned loyalty to Clarke Griffith, who had stood like a floodgate between him and the toboggan chute to the bush leagues, would be proof against the lure of the blank check that the sporting man had flashed. The game with Detroit would give the answer, and if Pick "cracked in the pinches," what matter? The pennant was lost anyway.

The turnstiles on the morrow clicked again to a record tune. The crippled condition of the Nationals had renewed the loyal support that otherwise might have faltered, with the pennant beyond reach. Furthermore, no visiting team to Washington even approaches in popularity to Jennings's fighting crew; and on the dice that Fate would roll that afternoon on the close-clipped turf still hung a pennant decision. Pick O'Hara and Germany Schaefer, in their final comedy interlude, brought smiles to the wintry cheeks of a Supreme Court Justice, drove parliamentary stratagem from the thoughts of the House minority leader, convulsed in laughter a firebrand Senator from a southern State, and put the twinkle of a schoolboy in the keen blue eyes that looked out from the box where the President's flag fluted and waved in the breeze. Their stage was a unique one, their audience brilliant and cosmopolitan beyond any other in the country, and never had they trod their histrionic turf with such zest and abandon.

BEN MILNOR, from a seat just behind the Detroit dugout, forgot legal tangles as he watched, the kindly wrinkles creasing about his eyes. From the Metropolitan Club boxes on his right men waved their hats to him, and speculated for an idle moment why Milnor was not in his box next to the Presidential party. Milnor was not there because at his orders a box seat behind the Detroit dugout had been sold to a paunchy sporting man in a plaid waistcoat. The gong sounded its last warning and Pick O'Hara trapped a grounder between his feet. A whip-like kick of his feet sent the practice ball arching up behind his back. As it topped his head he ducked, hunched up his right shoulder and walked off the diamond with the ball nestling between his ear and shoulder. The stout man next to Milnor smoothed out a massive watch chain across the plaid waistcoat, and guffawed.

"That fellow Pick O'Hara certainly is a card. Know him? You don't? Well, say, he's an old pal of mine. Full of tricks and an elegant entertainer."

The game that followed was not a pitchers' battle with strings of ciphers ranging in parallel rows across the score board. As a scientific exhibition of baseball to grace the windup of the season it was a sorry joke. As a roaring, slashing mêlée, in which first Detroit, then Washington, forged ahead in seesaw leads of short-lived length, it was a howling success. As Clarke Griffith confided to Ben Milnor the next day: "Ben, it was the best rotten game I've seen in a decade." Stuffed full of extra base hits and whistling singles; ragged with booted chances, muffed throws and wild heaves, the game careened and caroused through nine innings packed with doubt, palpitant with possibilities. The stress and strain of the hundred and fifty games gone before were reaping heavy toll.

TY COBB broke into the limelight at the expense of three pitchers. Ty also muffed a fly that arched plump into his waiting hands and then heaved the ball into the Presidential box in an effort to redeem himself. Joe Boehling, after forty-one innings of air-tight pitching, yielded seven hits in two innings. His relief, Doc Ayres, spoiled his prestige as the best fielding pitcher in the league by booting one bunt and hurling two more into right field. The infielders fumbled and juggled and in the outfield easy drives fell untouched in safe territory. Through the nightmare and disorder, Pick O'Hara loomed up like a reincarnation of Dan Brouthers, Hal Chase, and the Rock of Gibraltar. When the bombardment of the sagging defenses was fiercest he dug with unerring aim into the cleat-trodden turf for McBride's low ones, lunged his big body into the air for Morgan's high ones, raced in for tantalizing bunts and sprinted back into Schaefer's garden to snuff out aspiring Texas leaguers. When Washington was

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Agents For "Everbrite" Gold Glass Letters for window signs and house numbers. These letters and numbers can be sold in every city in the country. Chicago Glass Novelty Co., Marion, Ind.

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Wanted: Calendar Salesman By One Of The leading manufacturers. Large exclusive copyrighted line. Very liberal commission paid on receipt of orders. Experience desirable but not essential. Best references required. Robert Chapman Company, 1013 Grand St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Salesmen For Small Towns. Whole Time Or side-line. Special sales plan allowing return of unsold goods makes quick easy daily sales. \$5.00 commission on each order. Something Entirely New. Write for pocket outfit today. May Mfg. Co., 212 Sigel St., Chicago, Ill.

at its worst his hoarse voice boomed out encouragement and stopped the rout before it was irretrievable. "A little life, boys, a little life," he pleaded.

ON the coaching line he conjured all the strategy of his big league enlistments to send over the runs and down in the dugout he stormed at his faltering mates until their spines stiffened.

A carnival of Tiger misplays filled the bases in the mystic seventh, and from the coaching lines Pick and Germany unleashed all their lore of battery-harrying comedy. With Germany balancing in mock desperation on his tight rope, and the stands roaring approval, Shanks poled one of Coveleskie's straight ones to the storage warehouse back of the right field screen, and Pick celebrated the clean-up of the sacks with his knock-out specialty. While he was tottering from the self-administered hook on the jaw, and even before he crumpled to the turf to take Germany's count, Hughie Jennings accepted the symbolic byplay. Out came Coveleskie on the Detroit derrick and in went Hall.

The eighth inning saw Hughie Jennings's freckled face grin like a school-boy, saw him pluck grass like a famished calf, and stand on one foot, elevate the other to the height of his waist, and emit shrill whistles that a schoolboy might well have envied. It also saw three Detroit runs patter over the plate while the magic incantations went on, and then came a Washington rally that netted two runs. The hysterical, exhausted stands settled down for the final frame, almost incapable of further emotion or vocal outburst. The doubles of Henry and McBride had sent the Nationals into the lead by one run, a lead so scant that it seemed but a mockery with Detroit's wrecking crew up on the batting order.

THE man in blue serge loped out to the plate, his empty sleeve bellying to the wind as he moved, but his announcement was silenced by frenzied cheers. Twenty thousand raving, jibbering devotees needed no megaphone to intone the names that sound in Washington ears like a symbol of victory, a trademark of triumph. Out beyond the right and left-field fences where Washington's African aristocracy flanks the ball park, arms waved wildly on housetops and from the branches of trees came violent shakings and faint cries of joy. The roof and tree-top partisans needed no megaphone to carry to them the names of the new battery. Almsmith, temperamental as a mad painter, settled into position behind the plate. Johnson stepped out of the dugout, crossed over to the box with the lissome grace of a master craftsman, and dug his toe plate into the turf with unconcern. The highest-priced arm in baseball swung in easy orbit, shot out to its abnormal length, and the ball streaked across sixty feet of earth like a white arrow. The thud of the ball on Almsmith's mitt unleashed again the flood of tumult.

Owgie Bush let one white streak flash past his shoulders and laid the next one down third-base line. Eddie Foster gathered it in on the gallop and snapped it straight to Pick. Morlarty swung wickedly at two white flashes and watched the third cut the plate. Ty Cobb sauntered up, the War Lord of the diamond, the Stormy Petrel of the base paths, and smashed the first ball pitched against the score board for a triple.

"Tighten up, boys, tighten up before Hughie eats the grass off the diamond," exhorted Pick. "Old Sam Crawford can't see the slow ones and he's skeered of the fast ones."

SAM CRAWFORD, cool as a penguin on an iceberg, bided his time. The count was two and three when his black bat kissed an outshoot. Like a hard-sliced golf drive the ball started fair and then crossed the foul line halfway to first, gathering speed as it looped toward the dugout. With the smack of the bat, Pick O'Hara cleared for action. In the dug-

out the Washington substitutes scattered to either end to give his desperate sally a chance. A dirt-begrimed white uniform dove halfway across the dugout's front. A hairy arm stretched out from the flying bulk of two hundred pounds of bone and muscle, rigid as a rod of steel. The bare hand closed on the twisting ball and O'Hara crashed against a dugout stanchion. There was a splintering sound, a rolling, tumbling crash, and Pick catapulted into the dugout.

A MAN in a dark blue Norfolk jacket showed like a blot against the growing circle of white uniforms at the dugout's edge. He balanced on his toes in front of the splintered stanchion and peered down at the huddled figure in grimy white. He stood for an instant poised like a statue, and the stands went silent as a hushed courtroom waiting for the verdict. He stepped back a pace, and shot up his right arm with a jerk. The upturned thumb arched back and spelt defeat for Detroit, victory for Washington, and another pennant for the Mack-men. Sam Crawford turned, his face white for all its tan and the big, black bat swung end over end, hit the grass, and crashed into the line of bats ranged in front of the Detroit bench.

The stout man next to Ben Milnor gulped twice. He struggled with speech until a vein on his neck twitched as though an unseen hand had pressed a thumb against it. Slowly, hesitatingly, he ran a hand across his clean-shaven jowls and then a finger back and forth inside his collar.

"Wha'-wha'-whatcha say, what'n'hell do yeh know about that?" he demanded above the riot and delirium of the stands. Milnor's eyes twinkled.

"I only hope he didn't break any bones," he shouted back.

"Break any bones?" came the raging answer. "Why, say, young fellow, that crazy gink cost me an' me friends just 65,000 bones with that circus catch. One more swing and Sam Crawford would have give it a ride. Don't talk about bones to me!"

"Thought he was an old and dear friend of yours," jeered Milnor, and vaulted over the rail.

"Friend of mine! Aw—"

MILNOR raced across the diamond and they made way for him at the dugout edge. Pick O'Hara lay on the concrete floor, his head pillowed on Germany Schaefer's lap. A young doctor with a budding mustache and an established reputation as the leading surgeon in Washington was kneading Pick's ribs.

"Just a broken arm, Ben. Wind's knocked out. Talk about a fancy catch! Put the game on ice," the doctor announced.

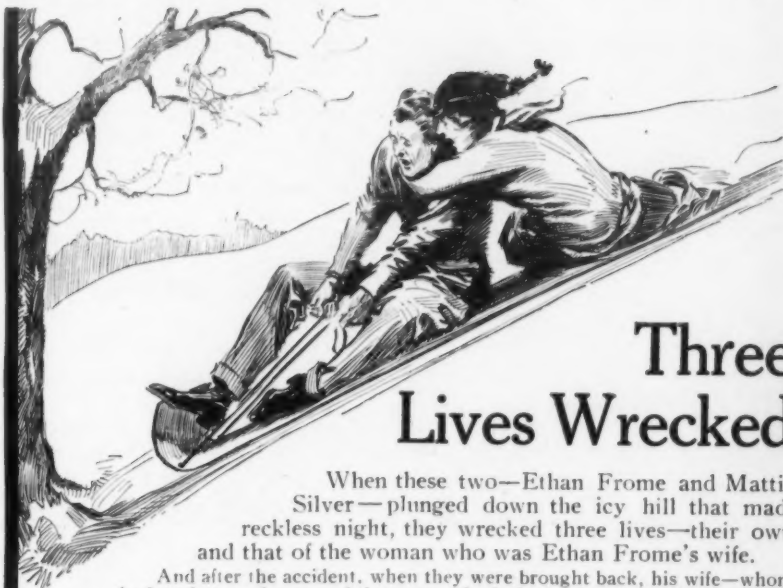
"My salary soup bone, Mr. Milnor," wheezed Pick between clenched teeth. "Say, that certainly was one bum game." He fought for breath before he said: "You oughta give them bugs their gate money back." His eyes closed, a twitch of pain knit lines in the homely face, and a vision came to him of towering stacks, and icy winds tossing sodden sawdust into little heaps and rows along the joists at their bases.

BEN MILNOR bent over him and caught the left hand in a grip nervous with feeling.

"That's all right, Pick, you old rascal. As soon as the medico here says you can swing a pen with that crippled soup bone you can scribble your name to a five-year contract. And we'll need a man about your size this winter at the offices to keep the chairs dusted off and the newspaper files straight. Anything else, Pick?"

Pick's gray eyes were wide open.

"Yes, Mr. Milnor. Tell the Dutchman here to brush up on the marriage league rules. He'll make a grand best man with a little coaching. And, say, medico, don't put any bum pine or hemlock in them splints. I hate the smell of them woods. Make it mahogany."



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1914

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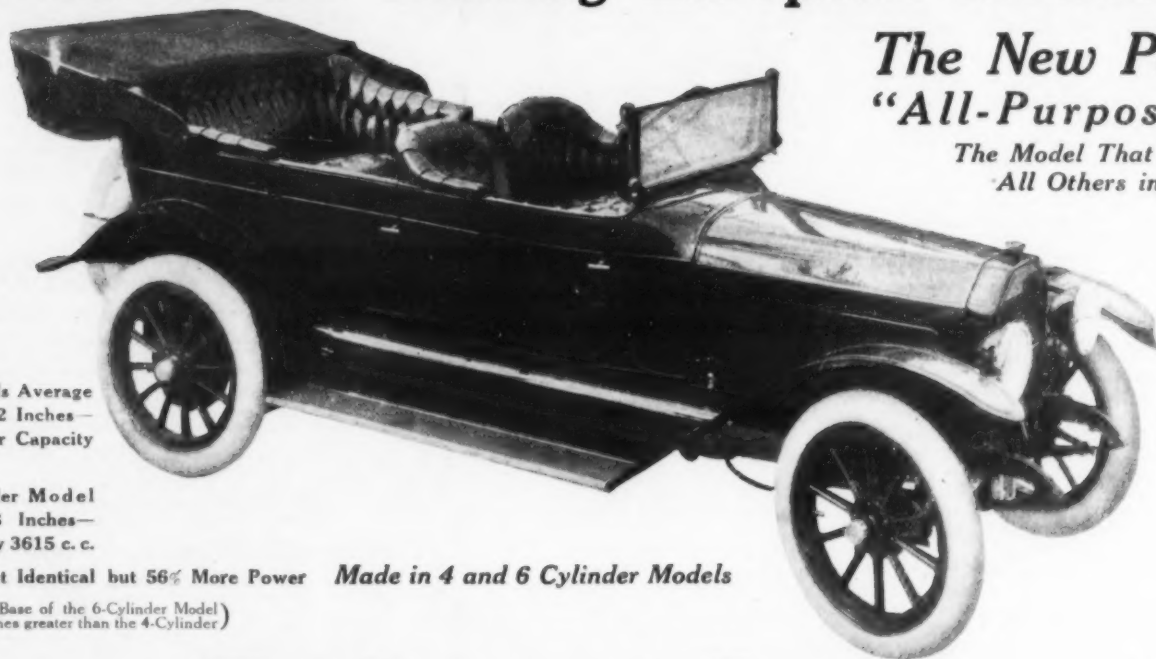
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\$5,000 Equipment!—such as tire pumps, mohair top with cover, two-unit lighting and starting system, ammeter, dash light, speedometer, rear gasoline tank and tires, one-man top, divided front seats, full-carpeted floor, all regular Peerless quality.

Style and Beauty Only Obtainable in Aluminum Bodies—as used in the Peerless "48-Six" and all other makes of \$5000 cars. The first car of its price in which this material is used.

Spiral Bevel Rear Axle Gear—the same as used heretofore only in the highest priced cars sold in America, identical in design with the 1915 Peerless "48-Six."

Divided Front Seats—with full-carpeted floor from dash to rear seat, improving ventilation of front compartment, gives more room for driver's right arm, promotes sociability and convenience.

Extra Large Wide-Opening Doors—Three-Abreast Rear Seat—and many other comfort features found heretofore only in \$5000 cars—Actually duplicating in comfort the Peerless "48-Six."

The Peerless "All-Purpose" Car is designed to interest experienced buyers familiar with and desiring all the improvements and comforts of a \$5000 car for \$2000. It is not a \$1400 car built to supplant a \$1600 car.

FOR DEALERS—If you are a progressive dealer and are located in a town where the Peerless is not now represented, write for the details of our plan of unusual co-operation on first car sales.

THE PEERLESS MOTOR CAR COMPANY, CLEVELAND

(Licensed under The Kardo Company Patents)

Makers also of Peerless Trucks

39 of the Leading European Cars! Makers' Horsepower Rating of Thirty-nine Leading European Light Cars

ALBION	Scotland	15 H. P.
ARGYLL	Scotland	12-18 "
BAGULEY	England	15-20 "
BENZ	Germany	12-20 "
BERLIET	France	15 "
BIANCHI	Italy	12-18 "
BRASIER	France	12 "
CHARRON	France	15 "
CLEMENT	England	12-16 "
CROSSLEY	England	15 "
DARRACQ	France	12 "
DE DION	France	12 "
DE LAGE	France	14 "
DE LAHAYE	France	12-16 "
DELAUNAY BELLEVILLE	France	17 "
ENSIGN	England	18 "
FIAT	Italy	15-20 "
F-N	Belgium	12-14 "
HISPANO SUIZA	France	15-25 "
HOTCHKISS	France	12-16 "
HUMBER	England	14 "
ISOTTA	Italy	14-18 "
ITALA	Italy	14-20 "
LANCIA	Italy	15 "
LEON BOLLEC	France	14 "
LORRAINE DIETRICH	France	12-16 "
MARTINI	Switzerland	15 "
MERCEDES	Germany	12-15 "
METALLURGIQUE	Belgium	15-20 "
MINERVA	Belgium	14 "
NAPIER	England	15 "
OPEL	Germany	8-30 "
PANHARD	France	12 "
PEUGOT	France	12 "
REHAULT	France	13-9 "
ROCHET SCHNEIDER	France	15 "
SINGER	England	14 "
SIZAIRE NAUDIN	France	10-12 "
STRAKER SQUIRE	England	15-20 "

The cylinder capacity of the Peerless "All-Purpose Four" is 56 per cent above the average of these 39 European cars. The average of the 39 European wheel-bases is 112.2 inches.

San Diego Panama California Exposition

See Southern California and the Panama-California Exposition

THERE are always plenty of reasons for a trip to Southern California; in winter, every day is a new reason; and Southern California is all the others.

But January 1st, 1915, offers still one more; a big one; a marvelous reason. That day the great Panama-California Exposition at San Diego opens its flower-decked gates to the world.

It is a combination of attractions you may never see again in this world: escape from winter cold, a visit to the world's garden spot, with a wonderful Exposition to instruct, to delight with its beauty and charm.

Begin now to plan this trip; whether you travel merely for pleasure, for new scenes and surroundings; or for study, observation, practical knowledge, San Diego and the Panama-California Exposition should be your objective point.

This great Exposition is to display possibilities; it is an Exposition of tomorrow, more than of yesterday; you'll see, not only what men *have done*, but what they can do; you'll see them *doing it*; you'll see the plans for what they're going to do; the resources and opportunities of the great Southwest are arrayed before you.

The Exposition is a beautiful Spanish Colonial city, built in a wonderful natural park. You are invited to be a guest there; to stay as long as you choose.

The gates open January 1st, 1915, and do not close until December 31st, 1915.

1915

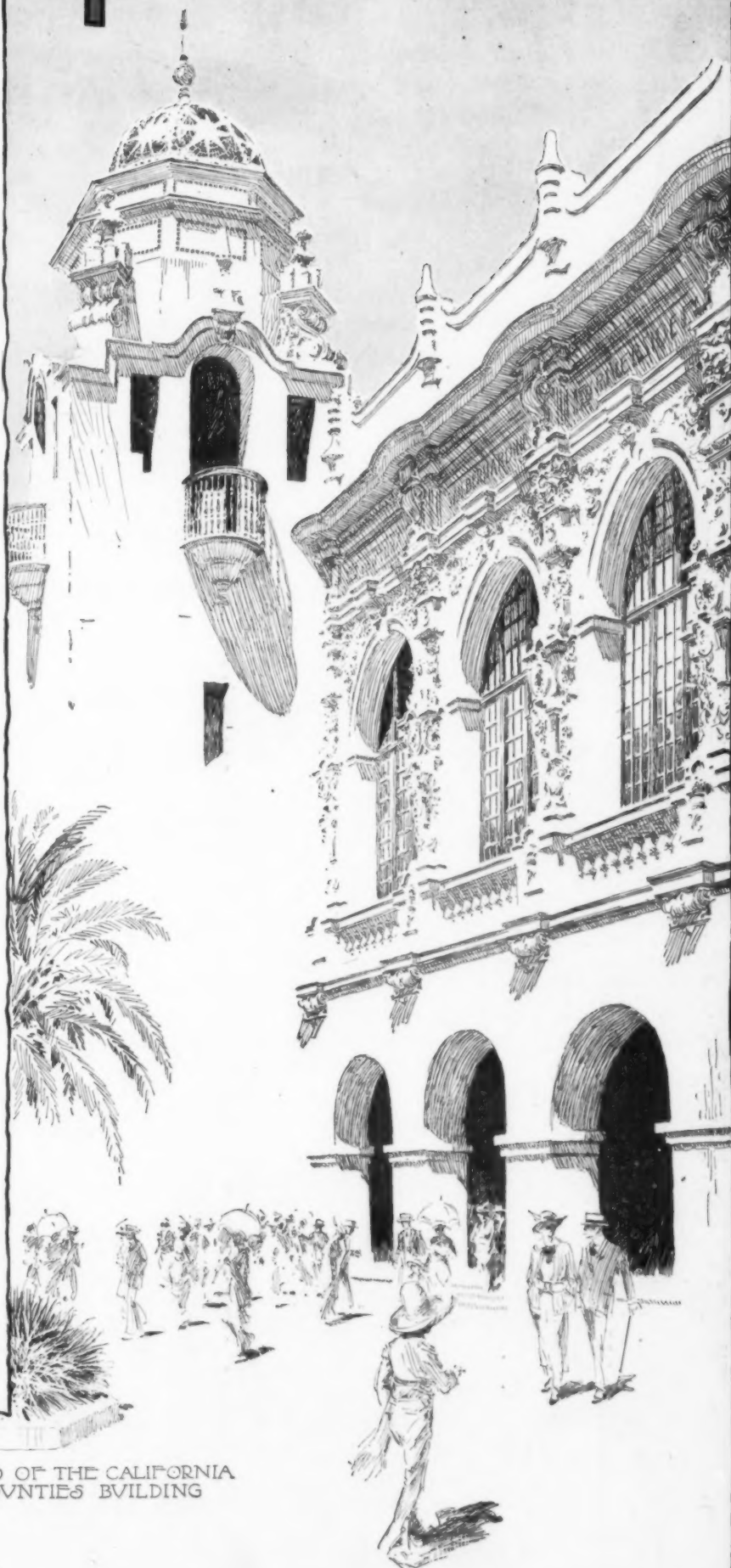
**All
the
year**

Get your ticket to San Diego

1915

**All
the
year**

Los veo venir de lejanas regiones
buscando una morada en tu gentil seno.
—De "Numancia"—Cervantes.
"I see them come, the peoples from afar
Who on thy gentle breast will seek to dwell."
—From "Numancia"—Cervantes.



PATIO OF THE CALIFORNIA
COUNTIES BUILDING

MAZDA

"Not the name of a thing but the mark of a Service"

Lifting the Veil that Hides the Perfect Light

Little by little to unveil the perfect light—little by little to make electric lighting better and brighter and lower in cost—this is the mission of MAZDA Service.

And it is for this that the chosen corps of experts in our Research Laboratories at Schenectady labor in many fields of science—keeping in touch with the foremost of Europe's lamp investigations—experimenting—studying—testing—searching incessantly for new thoughts, new ideas, new ways of bringing closer the perfect light mankind has sought so long.

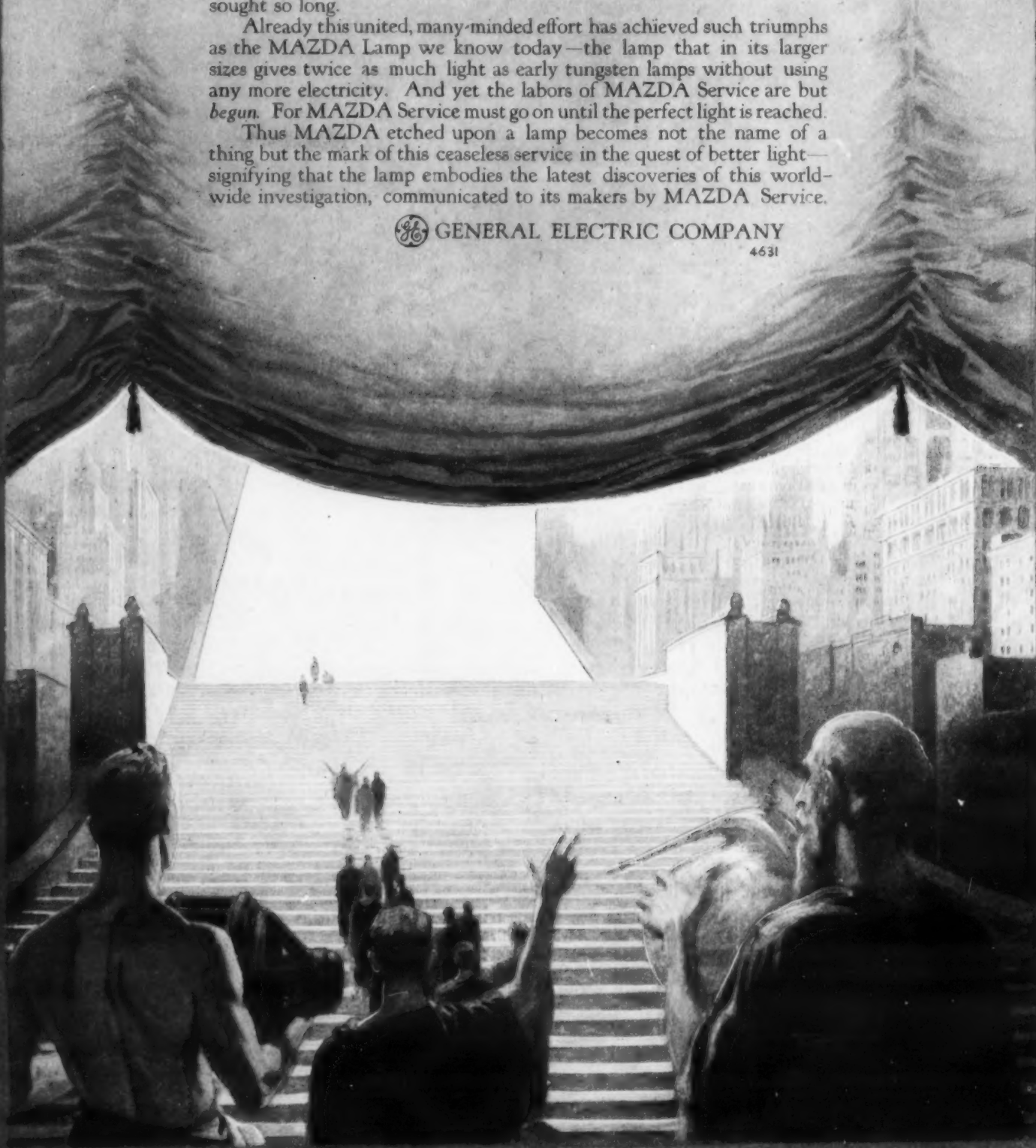
Already this united, many-minded effort has achieved such triumphs as the MAZDA Lamp we know today—the lamp that in its larger sizes gives twice as much light as early tungsten lamps without using any more electricity. And yet the labors of MAZDA Service are but begun. For MAZDA Service must go on until the perfect light is reached.

Thus MAZDA etched upon a lamp becomes not the name of a thing but the mark of this ceaseless service in the quest of better light—signifying that the lamp embodies the latest discoveries of this world-wide investigation, communicated to its makers by MAZDA Service.



GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

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6